OFFERED AT
4'6
Bramshill
BEING
The Memoirs
of
Joan Penelope Cope.

BRAMSHILL

Memoirs by a child of twelve would in any case be worthy of remark; but *Bramshill* is something more than precocity.

Joan Cope, a member of an ancient Roman Catholic family, and daughter of Sir Denzil Cope, was born and lived to the age of eleven in Bramshill — perhaps the loveliest Jacobean house in the south of England. The influence of this house and of the long family tradition behind her, working on a mind of amazing receptivity, has produced a book which, in its blend of childish high spirits and observant thoughtfulness, may fairly be described as unique.

A note by the author on her reasons for writing her memoirs appears on the back of the wrapper.

The wrapper, the end-papers, the title and contents pages, the illustrations in line and colour and the line decorations are all the work of the author.

Price
7/6
net

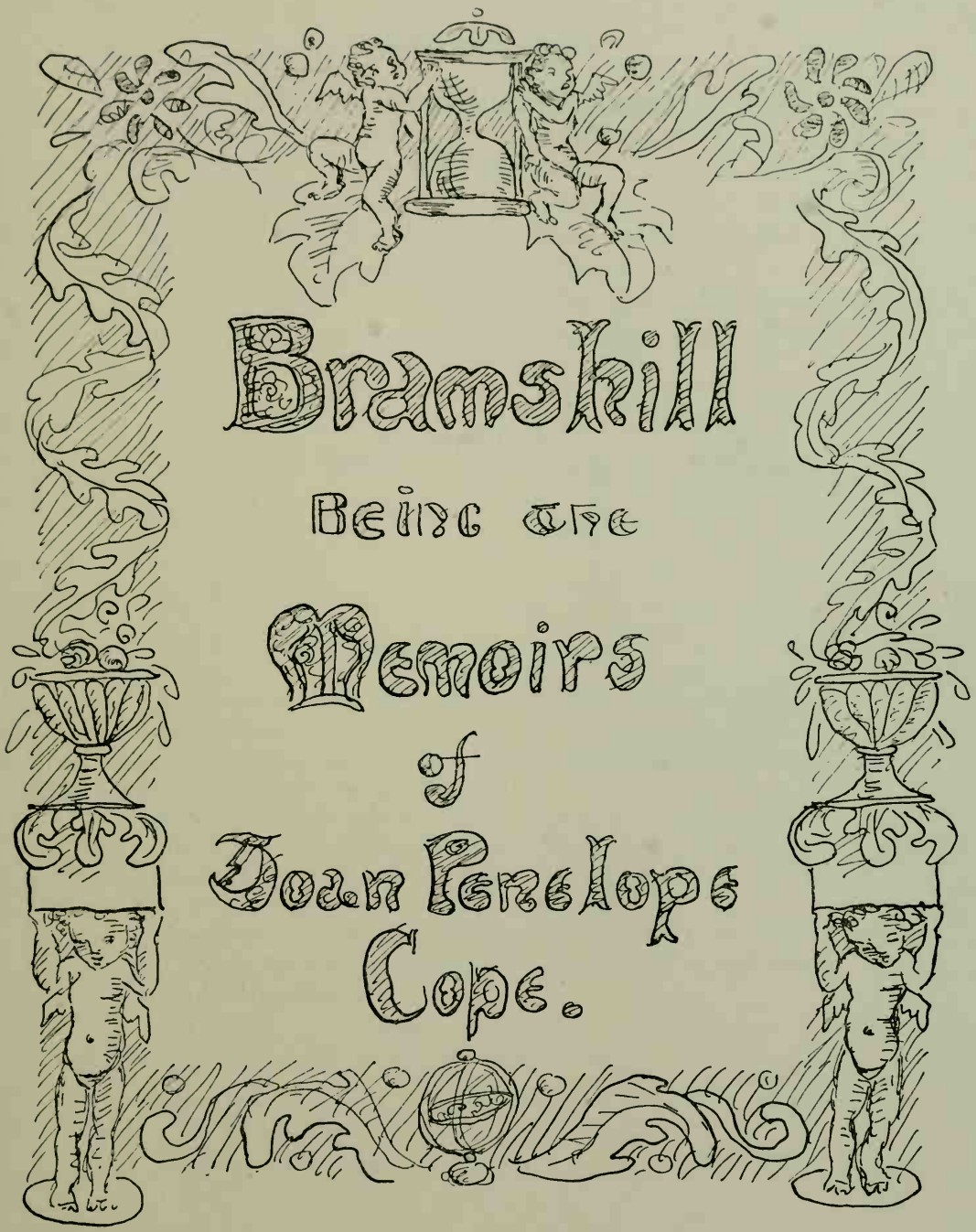
BRAMSHILL :

being the Memoirs of

Joan Penelope Cope

BRAMSHILL. SOUTH-WEST VIEW.

Painted from a photograph by Anthony Cope.


Bramshill
Being the
Memoirs
of
Joan Penelope
Cope.

PUBLISHED BY
Constable and Company Ltd
London

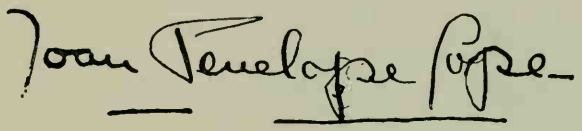
First Published 1938

Printed in Great Britain by
RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD.
BUNGAY
SUFFOLK

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I was twelve on the 1st of January,—and on the 21st. of that month started writing my "Memoirs" in my play time . . . —so as to enable me to retain a vivid picture of my "young days"—spent in the glorious surroundings of Bramshill—our beautiful Hampshire home. . . .

They were never intended for publication,—or they would have been more discreet . . . —With apoligies :—



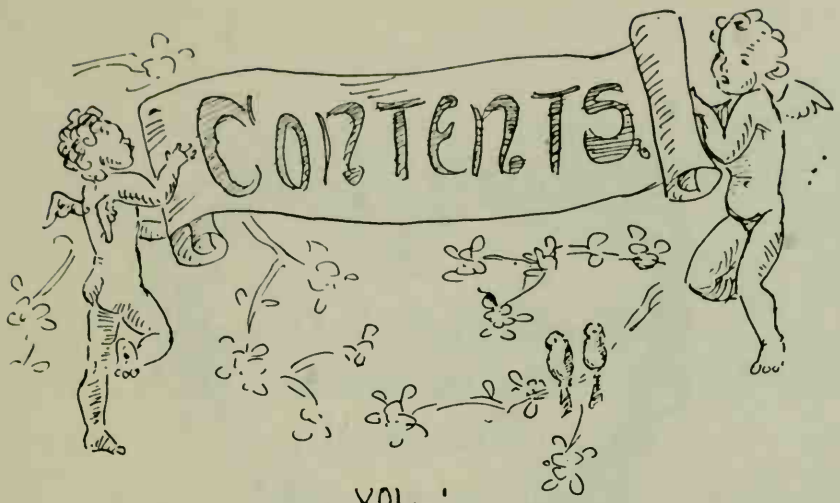
PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In a foot-note to her transcription of the Play of the North Hampshire Mummers, Miss Cope writes : "Not a thing has been altered,—and this is coppied from the original manuscript written by the Mummers themselves, and the spelling is the same."

In publishing these memoirs we have followed this excellent precedent.

Not a thing has been altered. The printers have copied from the original manuscript written by Miss Cope herself, and the spelling (and, we would add, the punctuation) are the same.

The illustrations and the decorations are the work of the author ; and the title and contents pages and the first two lines of each chapter are rendered in facsimile.



VOL. I.

Chap. I. BRAMSHILL,—AND ITS OWNER.....Pg. 1

Chap. II. THE BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN GIRL,—& ME..... " 8

Chap. III. A SON AND HEIR..... " 20

Chap. IV. COWES, AND BEMBRIDGE..... " 27

Chap. V. IN A FAIRYLAND..... " 32

Chap. VI. CHILDREN OF THE CASTLE..... " 46

Chap. VII. MY FATHERS ILLNESS..... " 55

Chap. VIII. SWITZERLAND..... " 61

Chap. IX. UP AND DOWN IN THE MOUNTAINS..... " 70

Chap. X. TWO LITTLE TOTS..... " 82

Chap. XI. SAILING ON..... " 99

Chap. XII. TURNING THE CORNER..... " 111

Chap. XIII. OUR ANCESTOR'S FAREWELL..... " 124

Chap. XIV. BRAMSHILL,—ADIEU!..... " 138

Dedicated to
My Mother
(Mimpsy.)

Chapter. 1.

Bramshill, — & its Owners.

Bramshill, — perhaps the most perfect and beautiful Elizabeathan house of it's kind in England, — is situated in the extream North of Hampshire,—mid way between Basingstoke, and Reading. There has always been a house at Bramshill,—or "Broomshill" as it used to be called, (on account of the broom,)—and a certain one there is mentioned in Doomsday Book;—there was even before that a small Roman camp,—of which there are distinct remains including a little moat,—and small statues, etc, have been dug up.

The present house was first built in 1327 by a man named Foxley,—it was then a fortified building,—with all the windows looking into the courtyard,—and there is a great lot

of this original house still left. In 1611. it was converted by James. I. to be a royal palace for his ill-fated son,—Henry,—Prince of Wales,—but the young man fell under the Stuart curse* before the alterations were compleated. But still,—at the top of the house,—surmounting the highly carved,—ornate, English-Renaisance front is the Prince of Walese's feathers waving over a crown of stone. After the sudden death of his son the King presented the house to his lord-chamberlin,—Lord Zouche,—whose statue looks out forever from a niche,—high up over the entrance from the four enclosed Elizabeathern gardens.

But Bramshill has a strange dignified meloncholy about it,—which chiefly constitutes it charm,—as though it were still mourning for its princely owner who never slept in the room of which the ceiling was painted and carved with the garter,—and rose of England. Perhaps,—too Bramshill mourns now for another Owner. It has been described not incorrectly by a Frenchwoman visiting England as;—" le Chateau de regret."

Bramshill also claims the scene of the famous tragedy of

* Prince Henry died suddenly at the age of eighteen,—supposed from a chill caught while playing tennis, but by many he is considdered to have been poisoned. We own an exquisite little miniture of him by Isac. Oliver. We have also the Prince's mortuary helmet painted the arms of the Prince of Wales, which was carried at his funeral,—and the State sword which goes with it.

the Mistletoe Bride;—and according to several versions of the legend,—it was actually an ancestress of ours.

The chest was in the possession of the family,—until about a hundred and twenty years ago the tenth Baronet,—Sir Denzil's widow took it away to her people. My great-grand-father wrote to the present owner saying ;—

" If your heart is in the right place you will send me back my chest. . . . ." But he only wrote back :—

" My heart is in the right place,—it is in my chest." and so he kept it.

The following verses are Thomas Haynes Bailey's famous ballad telling the story,—the " Mistletoe Bough ":—

" The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
And the holly-bough hung on the old oak wall,—
And the baron's retainer's were blithe and gay
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child,—young Lovel's bride,—
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be,—
The star of that elderly company.

" I weary of dancing now " she cried,—
" Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide,—I'll hide,—
" And Lovel be sure thou art first to trace,
" The clue to my secret hiding place."
So off she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search,—and each nook to scan;—
And Lovel cried,—" Oh where dost thou hide
" I'm lonesome without thee,—my own dear bride."

They sought her that night,—and they sought her next day,—
And they sought her in vain,—while a week passed away;—
In the highest,—the lowest,—the lonliest spot,—
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And the years flew by,—till their grief at last,
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;—
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried,—
" See the old man weeps for his fairy bride! "

At lengh an oak chest that had long lain hid,—
Was found in the castle,—they raised the lid,—
—A skeleton form lay mouldering there,—
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair;
Oh sad was her fate,—in sportive jest,—
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,—
It closed with a spring,—and dreadful doom!
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb."

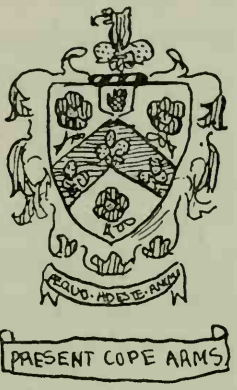
In Bramshill woods also,—the Archbishop of Canterbury, —when out hunting one day,—accidently shot the keeper, —and so was unable to baptise the baby Prince of Wales * the next day,—and the rites had to be officiated by the Archbishop of York. So upset was the poor bishop that he built the Guilford arms houses in repentence,—and a thousand other things beside.

The oak by which the accident took place still stands about a quater of a mile from the house,—and is one of the largest trees I have ever seen. For some reason which I do not know it is called " Barnse's Oak."

* Afterwards Charles II.

This was the beautiful and historic house which was my home for the very early part of my life.

I will not pretend not to be,—for I am, and always will be desperately proud of my liniage. The Cope baronetage is the fourth oldest in England,—being created in 1611,—and my father is the fourteenth baronet,—& the faimly its-self ranks among the oldest.



Sir William Cope was standard bearer to Richard. III. and after the battle of Bosworth Field,—when the king was dying upon the battle-field,—in recognition for his services he presented the knight with the royal arms,—three roses of England, gules,—and three fleur de lis, or—(then included in the arms of the land,) upon an azure chevron;—the arms which the faimly has ever afterwards borne. The same Sir William afterwards became treasurer to Henry. VII. and we have the iron chest in which he kept the king's gold. Many such other and distinguished Cope's there have been,—including Sir Anthony 3rd Bart. who patronized and kept an Italian

violinist,—who played the new way,—and thus introduced the modern violin playing into England. The same Sir Anthony was a great Cavalier and did much to place Charles II. upon the throne. Also Sir Walter Galen Cope,—brother of Sir William, 2nd Bart.—built Holland House,—in London,—which was for a long time called after him, —Cope Castle,—and to this day near the house, is a small street called Cope Street.

There were still more,—but I can not fill up this chapter with our ancestors.

Hanwell Castle,—in Oxfordshire was the Cope home for many centuries,—and there, in Hanwell Church are the beautiful tombs and efigies of the first Baronets etc. in the days when the Copes were one of the largest landowners in England. But the 4th. baronet,—Sir Anthony,—disenherited his younger brother, afterwards Sir John from the faimly home,—on account of his having married a girl whom his brother did not approve of,*—and so Sir John was obliged in 1698. to purchase Bramshill,—and many thousands of acres with it.

At the time of the begining of these memoirs, my grandfather,—Sir Anthony was still living,—and my father was Captain Denzil Cope,—having served in the Hampshire

* Anne Booth.

Regement,—and through the first part of the war of 1914.

He was really a major,—but he thought Captain Cope sounded better,—which it certainly does.

My father was the eldest of three brothers,—my Uncle Jack,—or Walter Galen,—as his name really was,—Uncle Toney,—or Anthony,—and Uncle Mordaunt ;—he had also an elder sister,—my Aunt Ada,—who looked after Bramshill for him, with her three children,—Hilda,—Bobby,—and Bunting. My father also had three half brothers, and one sister,—Uncle Timmy, or Clement,—who died two or three years ago,—Uncle Evey,—who died too,—Uncle Bob,—and Auntie Bun,—or Alice.

I am not saying so just because he is my father, but my father,—was the most perfect gentleman in the world,—in every sense of the word,—he was the best amateur banjo player in England,—for he was extreamly musical, as many Copes have been,—as well, he was a great sport, and one of the most crack shots. He was also mad on yachting and simply adored the sea.

Chapter II.

One Beautiful American Girl,—

—and Me.

My father married in 1923. Edna Frances Hilton,—daughter of Mr Edward Banker Hilton of Paris and New York,—who had died some years before ;—and my mother was living in Paris with her mother Dorothy Hilton. . .

My mother was the younger daughter,—and her sister Elen, or Elly had married some years previous. . . My mother when crossing the Channel with my grandmother during the war, on the " Sussex,"—was torpeadoed,*—and made her escape by jumping from the top deck into a life boat,—but the boat overturned and she floated in her life

* It so happened that my father then being in the army was sent to clear up the debris of the remains of the " Sussex " that was towed to land,—long before he met my mother.

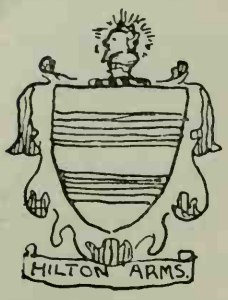
belt into the North Sea,—where luckily after seven hours in the sea,—she was picked up by an English mine-sweeper. . . My grandmother, had stayed upon the floating half,—and distinguished herself by reviving the poor passengers with brandy, etc ; and so got to land quite quickly,—and arrived home to recieve many letters of condolence concerning her daughter,—whom everybody,—including the newspapers believed dead. America had given out a decree,—that if one more American was killed by the war,—she would join too,—and so really my mother was the cause of a great nation going to war. . . .

The two sisters were the most beautiful girls,—and my grandmother was strikingly good looking too ; . . .—my Aunt Elly had large hazel eyes edged with the longest sweeping eyelashes imaginable,—and the most exquisite little features. My mother had large dark,—very dark eyes,—also very long eyelashes,—and black hair,—and the darlingest little pointed nose.

Although American,—my mother was born in Paris and had always lived there ;—she had travelled several times to America,—had been all through Canada,—been several times to Egypt,—Italy,—Rome,—Florence, Venice,—Austria,—Switzerland, and Spain,—and could speak German,—Italian,—and French,—like a Frenchwoman. By

this you may see how fond my grandmother was of travelling. . . .

My father and mother met in Paris,—and my mother stayed several times at Bramshill,—and they were married in Paris also. I have forgoten until now to mention that my father was a Catholic,—and my mother was then converted. Several newspapers were full of the Mistletoe Bride legend,—saying—" Will Captain Cope's bride have the same fate ? "—" what a shock for her when she sees the wandering Wraith who haunts Bramshill," etc. . .



Although so beautiful Bramshill had been sadly neglected outside and in,—which was filled with victorian horrors,—stuffed birds,—musty old antlers,—shabby baize curtains,—(where there were any at all)—and goodness knows what else besides ! . . . In some of the bedrooms,—there were only deal bords put up for doors,—with a piece of string through a hole for a handle ! . . .

Such was the house that my poor mother had to tackle,—but she bravely set about doing it up,—and spent thousands on repairing the roof and walls and ceilings etc. Then came the gardens,—which all had to be planted out,—including the beautiful walled-in rose garden. Having more taste than

anybody I know or ever have heard of,—my mother made Bramshill the most beautifully done up,—and still more perfect historical house of its kind in England,—showing off the many priceless and beautiful things we had to the best advantage. . . .

My father and mother had been married three years and had had no children until they went to Lourdes to pray particually for a child. And sure enough a little while afterwards,—on January 1st 1926, in my grandmother's house, the Avenue Malacoff, Paris I was born about four o'clock in the afternoon.

After a month or two my father and mother sailed accross the Channel with me,—and I came for the first time to my exquisite and historical home.

Three months later I was baptized in the Bramshill chappel,—the room was originally intended as the bedroom of Henry Prince of Wales. It used to be hung with the most priceless Gothic tapesteries, but they were sold when I was about three or four. I was given the names of Joan Penelope, on March. 8th 1926. My godparents were,—Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught,*—†Lord Huntley, (a cousin of

* He was represented by proxy.

† The premier marquis of Scotland,—and chieftain of the Gordon clan; for centuries been known as " The Cock o' the North." A Cope girl married the Lord Huntley of the times about a hundred years ago;—perhaps that is

my father's,) and Sir Gilbert Heathcote ;—my Aunt Ada (Mrs Stephenson,) Lady Young,—and Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington.

. . . .

From the very moment I was born I was extremely talkative,—and I spoke at a very early age. . . .

THE FIRST TIME I HELD UP MY HAND,— THREE MONTHS OLD

From a Photograph.

The roofs of Elizabeathern house are not generally very waterproof, and Bramshill was no exception to this rule. There had been a severe snowstorm,—and my father was carrying me accross the Chappel Drawing Room, the floor of which was littered with buckets intended to catch the water ;—suddenly to my father's great surprise and delight,—I asked with a juvanial inquisitivness ;—

—" What's happered, Daddy ? " these were the first words I ever spoke. . . .

why we own Byron's dagger,—whose mother was a Gordon. The Lord Huntley who was my godfather died in 1936. at such a great age, that he could easily remember his grandfather who had danced with Marie Antoinette.

I have not mentioned it before, but Bramshill was about the most haunted house I know,—thank goodness all good well-meaning ghosts ! . . I can not say as to the legend of its being the lurking place of the spirit of the poor little bride,—it may of corse be correct,—and it is a shame to alter family traditions. But all I can say is, that it was definitely haunted by a certain young woman in pale grey (or white ;—of whom more later,) who may have taken her place.

However we can not confine the many spiritual onlookers of Bramshill to a few definite ancestors,—for in certain rooms, these were without number at certain times. . .

The family had been thoughtfully carefull to assure my mother when she first married,—that all tales of Bramshill being haunted, were intirely without foundation. Once however when my mother was ill and lying in her bedroom she found that the kind family reassureances were untrue. . . My father entered the room :—" Oh, Denzil " she said " why *did* you run so noisily upstairs, you know I have such a splitting headache ? " but she discovered that he had not come that way nor was there any explanation for the noise, which really sounded like a man in large Cavalier boots and spurs. A few minutes afterwards when she was again alone my mother felt she would be stiffled by

the strong scent of lillies,—and she saw almost leaning over the bed,—a woman who had once been beautiful, with flaming auburn hair, in a pale grey dress,—and beautifully white hands and face. . . Strangely enough the face and colour of the dress coresponded with a young woman in a picture in my mothers room, —about whom nothing is known, but that she is the daughter of a Cope and Elizabeth Fane,—of whom there were portraits, which paired with the other one.

Once in the time of Sir William, my great-grand father, the family was standing on the east end of the terrace watching a fire upon Hazely Heath. . .—Sir William suddenly percieving what he thought to be a housemaid in her nightdress leaning over the balastrade at the oposite end, gave orders to the butler to go immeaditately to tell the girl to go in,—the butler protested that there was no person

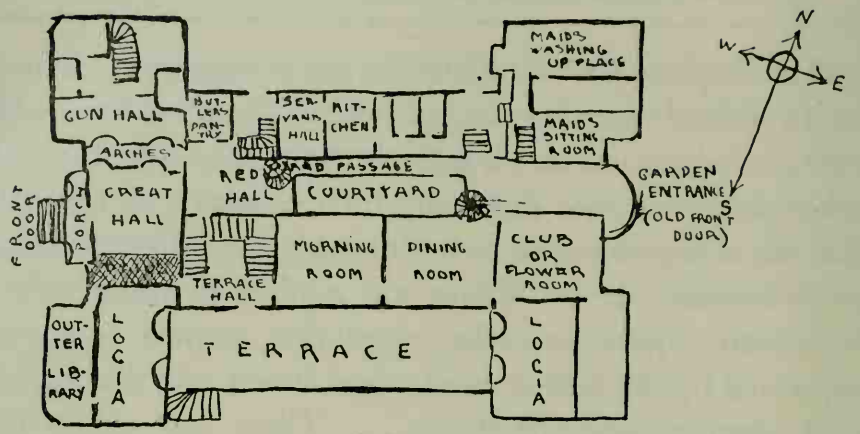
at all at the place his master and the others explained. However he walked down the terrace at Sir William's order,—and as he neared the end saw a feamale figure leap over the side and vanish,—nor was there any trace whatever of the girl. This one seems to me to co-anside with the spiritual visitor before mentioned. . . There was a piece of water called Pale Pond,—quite near the house that seemed to to be frequented by the lady in grey,—and it was said that horses shied when passing the place. . . There was an absurd country legend that the Black Prince, (whose end is uncertain) drowned himself in the pond.

To get back to me,—to which I have been leading up to ;—It is an established fact that babies,—and small children are much more psychic than older people,—and I was certainly very much so. . . For a time I puzzled my parents very much by saying, when I came back from my rides in my yellow " pram " by the huge,—glass-like, lake—or even after my bath ;—

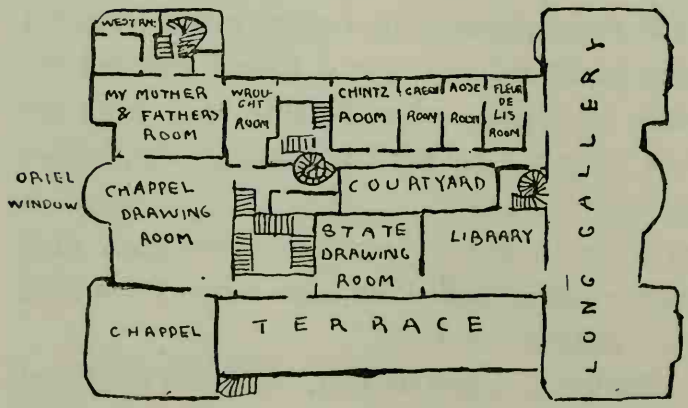
—" Saw geen man to day,—Mummy,—saw geen man to day. . ." My mother would ask me what he looked like,—and I would answer ;—

—" Looks like Daddy. . . got no legs." and this is all that could be got out of me,—it must be remembered I could hardly talk.

PLANS OF BRAMSHILL



GROUND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.

IT MUST BE RE-
MEMEMBERED
THAT THE NURSERY
FLOOR IN WHICH WE
LIVED WAS BUILT
IN, IN THE QUEEN
ANNE DAYS OVER
THE KITCHENS,—
AND THEREFORE CAN NOT BE PUT ON
EITHER FLOORS.

My mother and father at last found out the solution of the strange prattle of their child;—there had been an eccentric Cope,—a friend of George IV. who had a kink about the colour of green;—the following extracts are from the "Globe" of October 8th 1806.

"Among the personages,—who lately attracted double notice at Brighton was an original. . . . . generally known by the appelation of the Green Man. He dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat; and though his ears, whiskers, eyebrows were powdered, his countenance, no doubt. . . . the reflection of his clothes, was also green.

He ate nothing but greens, fruits and vegetables; had his rooms painted green, furnished with green sofa, green chairs, green tables, green bed, and green curtains. His gig, his livery, his portmanteau, his gloves, and his whip were all green.

THE GREEN MAN.

FROM A COLOURED PRINT OF THE PERIOD

> With a green silk handkerchief in his hand,—and a large watch-chain with green seals, fastened to the green buttons of his green waistcoat, he paraded every day on the Steine. On the 25. October . . . this gentleman leaped from the window of his lodging on the South Parade, into the street, ran . . . . . to the serge of the cliff nearly opposite and threw himself over the precipice to the beech below.
>
> Several persons immediately, ran to his assistance, and carried him, bleeding at the mouth and ears, back to his lodgings. The height of the cliff from whence he precipated himself, is about 20 feet perpendicular. From the general demeanour of the above gentleman it is supposed he is insane. His name, we understand is HENRY COPE,—and thathe is related to some highly distinguished families."

He eventially ended his life by hurling himself from the same Brighton cliffs ;—perhaps that is why I always saw him near water,—even a large puddle. The explanation of " Geen Man " having no legs, is that the colour of black can not be seen in ghosts,—and, as he could not obtain green boots, he wore the knee-high Directoir black boots of the period, as in the print* . . . We only discovered this a little while ago.

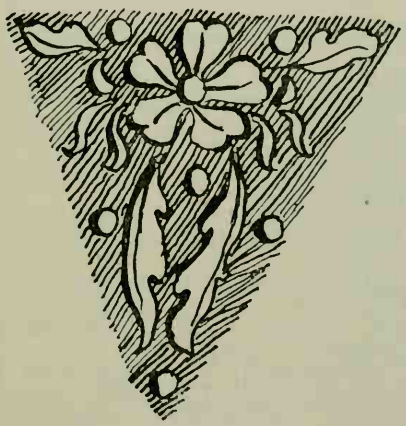
I have such a good memory that I can remember these incidents. To prove how physic I was at this time,—I used to pick up letters of which naturally I could not read a word,—and lisp out what was written in them. Also when

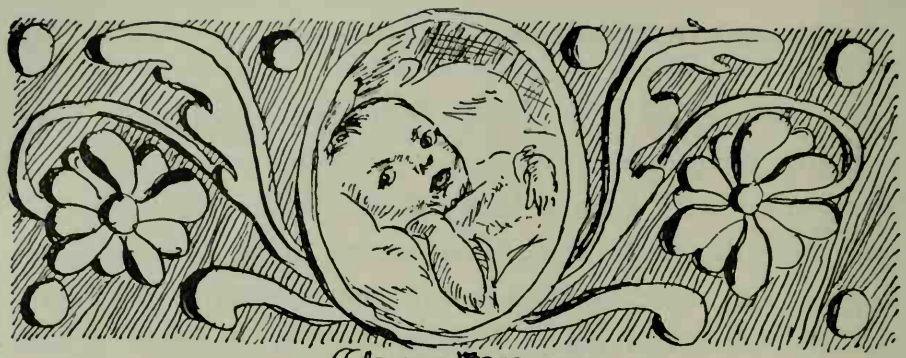
* On Hazely Heath (adjoining the Bramshill park) was a small inn named " The Green Man " after him.

in my mothers room I would often say : " Mummy, why have you always got so many people in your room ? " . . . My brother and I have lately dicided that we both can remember distinctly remember seeing a great crowd of people in out standing colours, and one woman with a high-waisted dark green velvet bodice,—cut in the style of the period of Charles I. and a pale rose-coloured skirt.

. . . . . .

Somewhere about this time, my cousin, Hilda Stephenson, was married to a Colonel Leslie Lloyd.





Chapter VIII.

A Son, and Heir.

It was bad weather for most of the time of the three performances of the Bramshill pagent, which took place upon the large piece of ground streching down to the river on the right hand side of the terrace ;— called the Wilderness.

The historical scenes that had taken place at, and near the house made beautiful foundation for such a display. . . Lord Zouche, and James I. were of corse brought in,— *Parson Derby, clergyman by day and highwayman by night, also figured in it. Charles Kingsley's " Water Babies," played their part in it too, as Kingsley was rector of Eversley

* He lived in a house that belonged to us,—Claston Hill,—near Eversley Church at which he preached, on the estate. He was at length caught, and hanged on Derby Green, Yateley which takes its name from him.

Church, which was on the Bramshill estate. For some reason that I have not yet found out Prince Charles Edward and Flora MacDonald also came in. . . .

I was by this time a talkative fat little thing of eighteen months old, with almost platenham gold hair, and golden eyes to match.

All I can remember about the pagent is being told to be quite as poor Evelyn Duchess of Wellington could not hear a word, . . . so like me ! . . .

At midnight, the 14th of July,—or according to the Summer time, the 15th, on the last day of the pagent, the first and last heir to be born at Bramshill, came into the world. He was a weak baby, my brother,—and he was born with some sort of jaundas,—he was a tiney, thin, little being with soft black hair upon his large and round head. My only comment, upon being taken to see the new arival was :—

—" It got cur,—it got cur " . . . with a fat little finger pointed at the poor little creature. It will always remain a mystery what I ment by " cur,"—perhaps " curls." . . . On Tuesday, August 16th 1927. my father's heir was baptized by the Reverant Bishop Cotter, like me, in the Bramshill chappel. He was given the names of Anthony Mohun Leconby, (the two last family names,)—there have been more Anthony Copes, than any other name,—and some

very distinguished. . . . Anthony's godparents were ;—the Duke of Malborough,—the Earl of Bective, Dom Lorenzo Nardini,—(a charming Italian monk, who had been brought to England about twenty five years before, by my father) Lady Heathcote, and the Marchioness Douro, now Duchess of Wellington. . .

The poor child however was very weak,—and a very little while afterwards he nearly died,—but luckily he scraped through and recovered,—and even commenced to grow a little fatter.

I was desperately jealous of this insolent little creature that had thrust itself upon us, I thought,—what did it want to come for ?—we were perfectly happy before without it,—and I used to get *all* the love and petting, and spoiling ! I can distinctly remember jumping up and down with enthusiasm, in the Outter Library, begging my mother to throw the poor innocent little Anthony in the fire. As I found this did not work, I made up my revengeful little mind to have it out on him in other ways ;—and would pretend to be admiring the baby with every body else,—and suddenly produce a hairbrush from behind me, and bang his poor little head with all my baby strength. . . Another trick of mine was sticking open safety pins in Anthony's mouth ;—I can too, remember kicking the back of his head

as he lay in our old Irish, Nanny Macarthy's lap. . . I was explained to that he, would grow and be able to walk and run and play with me,—but that I was positive my brother would never do. . . .

I and my brother, went with my father and mother to Cowes, where they had taken a small house. Here we celebrated Anthony's first birthday. My father and mother did much yachting, especially in my father's little motor launch the " Edna," I can remember being taken in it. And then,—I have forgotten to say that my father belonged to the Royal Yacht Squradron,—as well as many other clubs. . . .

Once when my father was out in the " Edna " with our faithful chaufer,—Bushnell, who always accompanied my father to Cowes,—and even before to Paris, (his father and grandfather had worked with the faimly,)—they sailed up the Beaulieu River, the tide went out, and my father and Bushnell were stranded in the mud,—

There was nothing to do but to wade to land and wait for the morning, and with it,—the tide. My father and Bushnell searched about in neighbouring fields, and they found a cow-shed where they spent the night. In the morning my father walked to the nearest telephone box, and telephoned to my mother, who immediately came to the rescue with some food. . . .

In the April of 1928. Queen Mary paid a visit to my mother and father,—and Bramshill,—accompanied by the Dowager Lady Ampthill,—Lady Bradford,—and a Sir Harry Verney. I came down after tea,—and Anthony was carried down with blue bows on his shoulders by Nanny Macarthy who nearly dropped her precious burden, with trying to curtesy all the time coming in at the door,—. . . poor old thing ! . . . The Queen rather impressed me,—she did not seem quite like ordinary people.

She was dressed in a pearl grey dress,—and had several rows of pearls around her neck,—and sat very straight in her chair. . . .

I commenced to eat some cake from the cake stand ;—knowing that I had already had my tea, the Queen said something about chocolate cake not being very good for little girls,—I protested something,—I can not remember what. . . . .

By the September of 1928. I joined a dancing class,—which took place about three miles from Bramshill, at the home of my Mother's best friends Mrs S—. M—. The dancing class was held really for Mrs S—. M—.'s only child Anne,—then about seven,—and Mrs S—. M—.'s sister Mrs T—.'s child Jean,—two years younger than her cousin.

THE FRONT ROW OF THE DANCING CLASS.
(ME, SECOND FROM RIGHT.)

I enjoyed it very much,—especially putting on the charming little dress of white muslin frills that my mother had brought me. In a little while I had others equally dainty, as my mother had most perfect taste for clothes for her children. I througholy enjoyed running from child to child feeling their clothes,—and if they had pigtails pulling them.

My little brother nearly always accompanied me ;—he would sit on the lap of our nurse, (we had now a new one,—which we had both taken to very much ;—a Miss Rudkin,)—gazing up to the ceiling with that peculiar thoughtful grin that he has always had ;—he was now nearly two years old,—a sweet grave little child with soft gold curls and ringlets,—at first look you would have thought him a girl,—he could not yet talk,—he was very slow about that. Nurse would proudly compare him to the little Palmer boy, (Huntley & Palmers biscuits) who was a little older than Anthony,—and the two nurses would have long discussions,—about which was the finer child. . .

I was very interested in everything,—especialy a large picture at the end of the room, of a handsome boy of about eighteen in Louis. XV. costume,—who seem to look out at me with his large open eyes ;—little did I know what affect this picture would have on my life some years later !

. . . .

My father had a fox terrier,—Nell, of whom he was terribly fond,—and two sweet little cocker spaniels, Dolly, and Diner,—these were really for his shooting ;—and then my mother had the cleverest, gentilest of greyhounds, Cara (Italian for " darling,") whom we all adored. She was a few months older than me,—of a fawny beige colouring. . . .

The fox terrier died in about 1929.

Chapter IV.
Cowes and Bembridge.

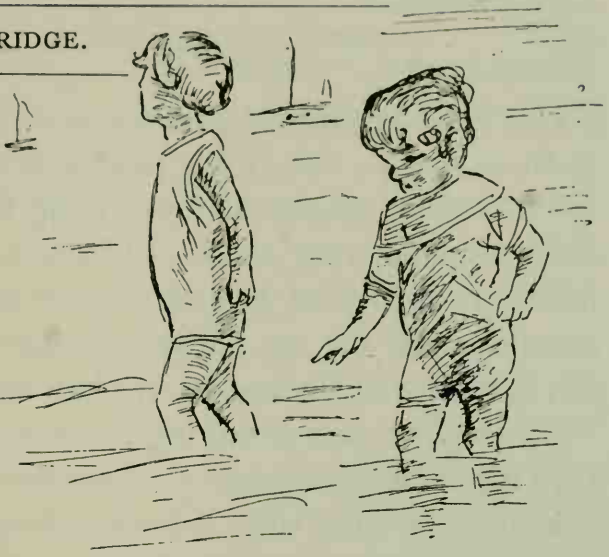
The next year, my mother and father took, at Cowes a fairly large house,—called Norfolk House ;—my father had now bought a little yacht,—the " Owl." It was painted grey,—with red sails,—a bedroom,—and a little living room.

—My brother and I used to be taken on it,—my mother would take me up on the top part, over the rooms,—a thing I hated doing ;—I was positive we would all be drowned,—all I would do was cling to the meat safe in the middle, and scream and cry. . . In fact I did not enjoy the trips on the yacht much at all; . . . I was not old enough to adore the sea as I do now. We much prefered messing about on the beech and paddling, while our nurse watched us,—and our

Nursery maid, Phylis talked with the skipers and sailors. She was having a very good time,—she had actually found one who would take her in the dingey of his master's yacht,—and let her hang on behind to learn to swim.

Our nurse and Phylis used to push us for walks, in our yellow peramulators, (we had them the Cope colours,) and up to Egypt point, where the light house is. An old man named Colonel Dennison who had rented Egypt House,—that sweet little Elizabeathern gem,—spotted us and told our nurse to bring us in to his orchard, and come whenever we liked,—and pursued us with footmen that kept coming out to know if we wanted "refreshments." . . .

I quite liked my brother by this time,—the change was partly due to our new nurse, who, when she came would let me hold Anthony's bottle,—I found too, that the creature would play,—and even sometimes say a word or two. . . . It would too, if I annoyed it or teased it too much,—scratch with its frail paper like little finger nails. He would also open his mouth,—turn apperplectic scarlet,—and utter the most horrible braying noise I have ever heard ; . . . . although he had the appearence of an angelic cherub from heaven,—he would soom be transformed to a little scarlet imp from Hell ;—but in truth, the poor child only had the heart of it's cherub face. . . .



AT BEMBRIDGE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN BY MY FATHER.

After some time my father and mother gave up Norfolk House, and moved to a hôtel next to the "Marine" where we were sent.

From the windows of here we watched the regatta in Cowes Week.

The next year we went to Bembridge,—which to us was much nicer,—because there were long streches of sand when the tide went out,—and we simply adored digging,—and I loved drawing in it for I had taken tremendously to this amusement since,—when I was three, my father had drawn a round head and put two eyes, a nose and a mouth in ;—it had absolutly run away with my joy and imagination,—and I commenced from that day to draw "man in the moons" for myself.

My brother was frightfully intrigued by a fort some way out to sea, which we could see from the "Spithead" Hotel window.

One day when the tide was a long way out, we announced to Nurse that we were going to walk to it,—and to please us she started off towards the grey lump in the middle of the shallow, glimmering waters ;—luckily when we had gone a little way we espied behind us, the figure of our mother standing upon the wet flat sand,—and forgot all about the fort in our joy at running back,—and metting her.

All the first part of my life I saw my father much more than my mother,—she was to me rather a terrifying beautiful stranger ;—I think what I thought terrifying was her black hair, and eyes, which little Anthony described as " having ghosts in them." I remember standing on the beech with my father watching him throwing flat stones into the sea to make them slide on the water ;— . . . I thought this a spieces of magic !

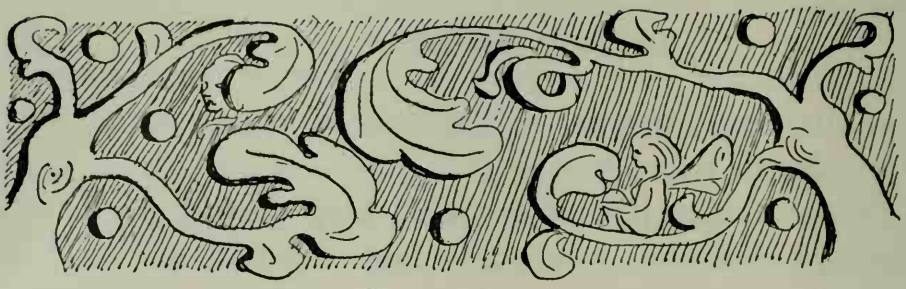
It was at Bembridge that my father took a charming series of photographs of us in various attitudes,—paddling, or playing on the beech. The drawing on page. 29. is from one of them.

My father and mother used to go sometimes to stay a little while at Sidmouth,—and they took us, one winter. My father motored us all there in the yellow Royles, (we had another car, a large Fiat.) Being wintor time the waves dashed up high over the promanade,—a thing we thought

very thrilling, when we were pushed out in our " prams " in view the the red cliffs beyond.

Well-meaning old ladies would keep coming up,—and saying :—" Excuse me,—are they twins ? " . . .—This complement we usually returned,—by opening our mouths and bellowing with all our might ! . . .

I found the drive home very long,—and fell asleep in the lap of Bushnell,—I was furious when the car needed attention at Salisbury,—and in getting up to aid my father he woke me,—I was sure he had done it on purpose,—and cried unceaseingly,—until I again fell asleep,—and awoke to find us entering the Bramshill lodge.



Chapter V.
In a Fairyland.

We must have lived when we were little ~~we must have lived~~ very much as children several hundred years ago. Our greatest exitement was Christmas Eve when we had an enormous Christmas tree upon the daius of the Great Banquetting Hall. And then after tea the Mummers would come,—these were workmen living upon the estate who acted a strange little play which had lost all sense as it had been handed down since Norman times. It is singually interesting as it is about the only part of England where the ancient custom survives. The Mummers dress in little bits of colourful rag, from their wives aprons and dresses no doubt, —and their paper helmets ornamented with tinsel. . . The little act runs as follows,—at least, so it went in 1935. It must be the first time it was written down,—when we asked the performers to give us the words.

THE PLAY OF THE NORTH HAMPSHIRE MUMERS.*

Introduction, said by " King George."

" Room ah room, brave gallants room!
Within this court I do resort
To show some sport in this merry Xmas time.
Activity of youth;—activity of age,
The like of which was ne'er before seen on the stage.
If you don't believe what I now say,—
Walk in Father Xmas and clear the way.

[Enter Father Xmas.]

[Fr. Xmas:] In come I Old Father Xmas.
Welcome or welcome not
I hope Old Father Xmas will never be forgot.
For Xmas comes but once a year.
And when it does it brings good chear.
Roast beef, plum pudding mince pie
Who likes that better than old Father Xmas?

[response; " I do "]

I'm upwards of ninety years of age
I can hop skip and and jump like a wooden blackbird in his cage
My head is like a pumpkin, my body's lined with steel
I've brass on my knuckle bones, if you don't believe just come and feel
I fought the fiery dragon, I drove it to the slaughter
And by these means I married the King of Egypt's daughter
I've travelled a great many miles both far and near and now I'm travelling here
And I can drink a cup of your strong beer
A cup of the best: God send your bodies & souls to rest.

* Not a thing has been altered,—and this is coppied from the original manuscript written by the Mummers themselves, and the spelling is the same.

In this room there shall be fought the dreadfullest battle that ever was known
Betwixt King George and my four * sons.
Walk in Noble Captain and act thy part,
And show these gallants thy valiant heart."

[Nob. Capt.] In come I that noble Captain, just late returned from France †
With my sword, and buckle (buckler) by my side, I'll lead King George a dance.

[Kng. Geo.] In come I King George,‡ that man of courage bold
Let his blood be hot, I'll quickly make it cold.

[Nob. Capt.] From accross the water I've just arrived
To meet King George if he's alive,
I'll rag him! I'll scrag him! for I'm not afraid of King George of old England.

[Kng. Geo.] Oh dear, Oh dear! my enemy is near
Pray send him to appear.
I'll grind his bones as small as dust.
And send them to the cook shop to make my mince pie crust.
[They Fight.]

" Battle to battle on thee I call
To see who on this ground shall fall."
" Battle to battle on thee I play
To see which on this ground shall lay.
Mind your hits and guard your blows
Likewise your face and your eyes also "
[Noble Captain Falls]

* Perhaps the four sons represent the North South, East & West. i.e. Noble Captain,—North;—Red Morocca King,—South;—Turkish Knight,—East;—and Johnny Jack,—West. And signify that they are all overcome by England.

† From the time of the hundred year's War,—no doubt.

‡ Must have been Saint George.

[Fr. Xmas.] Oh behold, look what you've done
You've cut and slain one of my sons.

[Kng. Geo.] He gave me the challenge, Father and that you can't deny.
So walk in Red Morocca * King.

[Enter Red Morocca King]

[Rd. Mor. Kng.] In come I the Red Morocca King;
O'er the hills and dales I make my silver trumpet ring,
I saw a lion in his den, I thought he would devour me
I drew my sword from by my side, and slashed him down before me.

[Kng. Geo.] Who are you to slash a lion down?

[Rd. Mor. Kng.] I am that vallaint soldier Bowlasher, Bowlasher is my name,
And I'll have a smack at King George before I go again.

" Battle to battle, etc."

[Red Morocca King Falls.]

[Kng. Geo.] Walk in Turkish Knight.

[Enter Turkish Knight.]

[Tuk. Knt.] In come I that Turkish Knight,
Just come from Turkey land to fight;
To fight thee King George, that noble man of courage bold.
Pull out thy rusty rapier! pull out thy purse & pay!
Before I've fought with thee two minutes, thy life I'll take away.

" Battle to battle etc."

[Turkish Knight Falls.]

[Kng. Geo.] Walk in Little Swing Swang.

[Enter Little Swing Swang (Johnny Jack)]

* No doubt a corruption of Morocco. In early times that country would be thought very far South.

[Lit. Swig. Swag] In come I Little Swing Swang, left hand press gang,
I press you bold fellows, and send you to sea,*
Likewise my name is Johnny Jack,†
With my wife and family on my back,
[Turns revealing some rag dolls fixed to him.]
My family's large, and I am small
But I'm the best man of you all.

" Battle to battle etc."

[Johnny Jack Falls.]

[Fr. Xmas.] Oh dear, oh dear is there a doctor to be found
Who can cure these men that lie bleeding on the ground?
[Enter Doctor.]

[Doc.] Oh yes oh yes there is a doctor to be found
Who can cure these men that lie bleeding on the ground.

[Fr. Xmas.] What can you cure?

[Doc.] I can cure the itch, the stich, palsy and the gout,
Pains within, and pains without,
I can cure the sick of every pain
And bring these men to life again.

[Fr. Xmas.] What is thy fee?

[Doc.] Ten guineas is my fee and ten I'll tak of thee
Before I set these gallants free.

[Fr. Xmas.] Very well doctor, try thy skill.

[Doc.] Yes Father, so I will.
I've a bottle by my side

* Must have been inserterted into the Mummer's play at the time of the hated system, and is of singular interest.

† Twisted proberly, from Jolly Jack,—as this,—chareter seems to be dicidedy a sailor,—and in the days before the discovery of America, would be the only thing to represent the West for England.

What is called the doctor's pride
The fame of which spreads far and wide.
Drop one drop on the skull bones of their heads,
That will strike through their bodies, and raise them from the ground.
[Bends, and pours a drop onto caches head]
My pliers, Father, I shall have to take a tooth from this man.
[Holds up enormous tooth.]
Heres a tooth I've drawn from this man enough to kill any man indeed.
My pills Father, I must give this man a pill
I've a box of pills here which will cure all ills
Molly grubs, Sally grubs, and a thousand other little thing, I shall be able to mention to-night.
Bring me any old woman four score years and ten
Without a tooth in her head: one that's been dead eleven years, burried twelve, and in the grave thirteen
If she can rise up and take one of these pills I'll mantain her for ever
Take one of these anti-bilious pills
Likewise the lofty drop
Now get up upon your feet and see how gently you can walk
Now it shall be as never before,
Rise up you cowards and fight no more.
[They all get up.]

[Fr. Xmas.] Now King George here in this court
Another battle must be fought
Here man to man and steel to steel
A father's vengance thou shalt feel

" Battle to battle " etc.
[King George Falls, Father Xmas sits upon him.]

[Fr. Xmas.] Now ladies and gentlemen you see what I've done,
I've killed King George who killed my four sons
Here I sit at my ease
Ladies and gentlemen give what you please

A glass of your stronge ale will make us merry and sing.
With a shilling in our pockets
God Save The King.

[Enter Extra Character,—Beelzebub.]

[Belz.] In come I Beelzebub *
On my shoulder I carry my club
In my hand a frying pan †
Am I not a valiant man?

The End.

After the little play, whose profound naïveness cannot fail to appeal to those who love relics of feudal times, and country traditions,—the Mummers would play a tune or two,—(such as "Daisy, Daisy,"—or some poupular song) upon a concertina,—a large drum, and a small drum, etc. Then one of them, who really had a good voice,—would sing the "Mistletoe Bough,"—and the others would sing some comic songs.

The first time I witnised the Mummers play I was terrified and cried and screamed, but my little brother was highly amused, and laughed away in my father's arms. Later, when I was about four I had got over my juvenille fears, and we looked forward all the year to Christmas Eve, when in addition to the Mummers, all our relations would come

* There seems no rhym or reason for the extra character, it seems to have the spirit of the Miricle plays,—in which there was always a devil of sorts.

† This must come from the idea of hell.

down,—(my Uncle Jack's, (who it will be remembered had died before)—two daughters, Arbel, or Arabella, and Inez never missed one Christmas. . . Then in the chappel upstairs,—the head housemaid Ellen had put out the little "crib," with its cotton-wool snow, and little images. "Nurse" and the "grown ups" went to midnight mass,—in the chappel too.

. . . .

I would curl up in my father's coat, upon his lap, whilest the wind rumbled erily down the chimney,—and beat at the mullion window panes, causing them to rattle and whistle ; . . . . you were never quite sure what might creep around the great laquer screen the next moment.

My father would tell me the story of the birth of Christ, etc, and the coming of the three Kings, or,—another time of Joan of Arc,—his favourite saint—who I had been named after,—how she drove the enemy from France . . . and her tragic end. . . . .

Sometimes my father would put his coat over his head and get down on his hands and knees and play "teddy bear" and we would ride on his back, . . . there was always a wee, —wee little bit of delightful fear about that game. . . . I had a trememendously strong imagination,—almost too vivid to call imagination. Fairies were part of one's daily life,—

I never remember having the slightest doubt as to their reality,—and I am not at all sure I was not right. Every tree,—every stump, and little glade had a tale woven about it,—every notch and pool had a wonderful life of its own.

I would cry my heart out, should any one upset one of the strangely spotted,—red and green and purple toadstools that haunted the hollows and leafy dells of the beautiful woods and forests of Bramshill,—for surely these were fairy habitations. This gift,—for I hold it as a great and wonderful one,—I imparted with almost the same strengh to my little brother,—and together we invented a strange and amuseing imagination,—a wonderful fairyland of our own,—in which we reigned supreme,—king and queen. It must have been our beautiful surrounding,—the strange,—mixture of melon-choly, and serene happiness of our palace home with its soul of spirits and fairies that caused us unconsiusly to build up an interpritation in our own language of it.

This glamourous fairyland of queer fancies,—both beautiful and childishly amuseing, afforded rich and plentiful material for my drawing,—which I was by this time carring on with more zeal than ever. I was greatly interested in the history, and pictures and furniture of my home, of which my mother knew a great deal, and would tell me about everything.

I would accompany her every time she showed visitors around the house. . . In the huge dineing room which my mother had skillfully restored into its former state of one room when she came to Bramshill,—with its Van Dyck pictures,—and the lage Rubens over the side board of the Holy Faimly. Here Anthony would puzzle the guests by pointing a chubby finger at the portrait of a jovial, rather fat man in a long peruke,—and say—" Thats me." The reason was that he had heard our mother say he was Sir Anthony Cope,—and I suppose thinking he was the only Anthony in the world, believed solemnly that the fat old courtier was himself. Most likely it was just a typical little Cope laziness in simply hoping the visitors would fall to the conclusion that it was an Anthony like himself. . . . Through the Morning Room, (in which we usually lived,) with its black laquer,—and exquisite cool-looking, Mortlake tapesteries, of blue green foliage,—high-lighted with silver,—with

cranes stalking here and there by way of a signature of the designer.*

Into the Terrace Hall and up the green carpeted stairs with its huge Mytens portrait of the 3rd Earl of Pembroke,†—onto the long staircase landing at the top would I trot, at my mothers heels. On through the State Drawing Room, in which was all the gilt consols, and French-furniture,—and down from the walls peered the great clumsy figures from the Brussels tapesteries designed by Rubens,—these were very " bogie." . . . . perhaps without her knowing it, I alway got very near my mother, and usually clung on to her skirt. Tighter still did I cling when we entered the Library,—so gloomy, with its delightful smell of old books and leather which filled its tall shelves ;—up above these were the smaller faimly portraits, which could hardly be distinguished on a dull day, . . but the most " bogie " thing about this facinateing room was the ugly black bust of Pitt on the tall marble Rennaisance fireplace. . .

When the far door was opened by my mother. . . . . what an exquisite surprise ! The guests nearly always caught their breath with delight and wonder,—for now streatched

* Francis Crane the celebarted 17th century tapistery designer.

† His niece married a Cope. He, it will be remembered was the famous patron of Shakespeare,—and nephew of Sir Philip Sydney—" Sydney's sister, —Pembroke's mother."

either side Bramshill's great feature,—the Long Gallery in all its* hundered and thirty feet of silver grey beauty. Its walls were panelled in deal, which in Jacobien times was highly valued as a rare wood, and had been painted streaky blue pink and yellow,—which charicteristic crude coulouring had faded with the sun and light of years which poured in the five great curtainless windows,—to an exquisite mellow grey shade.

It had little furniture,—only some black painted Charles II. chairs which lined the walls,—and some carved, grey old chests. The high panelled wall's only adonement were swords,—spears, helmets and breast-plates ;—everything had become the same silver grey. . . . The outstanding feature and relic—the mortuary helmet of Henry Prince of Wales,—with the faded gild motto and arms. On, we would pass through a door which would never be noticed in the panelling at the other end ; . . . . through the four State bedrooms,—the Fleur de Lis room,—the traditional haunted room,—(if the spiritual ones are confined by the limits of walls,)—It really looked haunted with the two erie looking portraits of Sir Francis Bacon, and another Verulum,—with their pointed beards and yellowish ruffs ;—blacker even than the dark panelled walls !

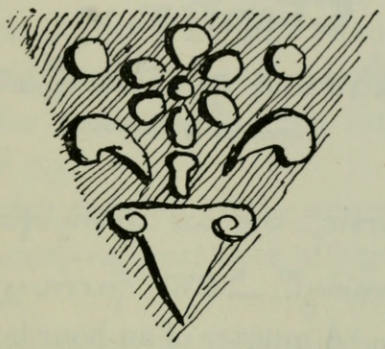
* Next to Hardwick's Gallery which is 180 feet long,—Bramshills is the longest and broardest gallery in England.

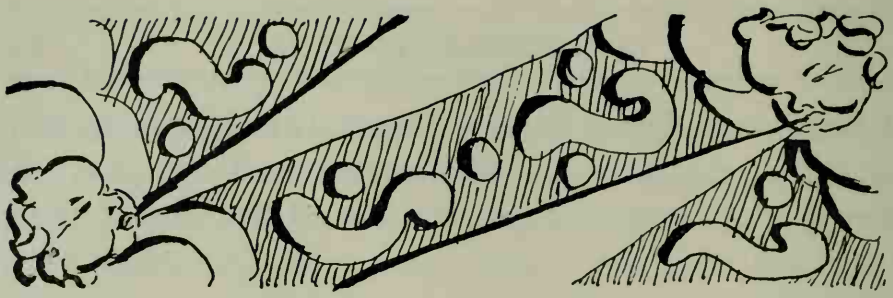
Then the Rose Room, with its wonderful rare painted deal walls of dark pinkie-mauve,—adorned with various wild plants, of which there is not two repeated, in green. Like all these bedrooms,—when my mother married they were painted by some vandal Victorian hand with white enamel,—In this room she had scraped off twenty coats, and so discovered this exquisite panelling,—Unicorn rare,—of which there are only a few fragments in the British Musem. . . .

Through all the other bedrooms,—did I use to follow my mother, (see page 16.)—until we came to the Chappel Drawing Room, my favourite of all the chambers, some of such uncomparable beauty,—perhaps because of our kindly ancestors who ever in this room, kept a watch over thir children under the fine drop ceiling. Here the visitors always paused to gaze at the wonderful view out of the dear little oriel window, for Bramshill stands on a hill a good five hundered feet in height.

Into the Chappel to admire the painted ceiling my mother would next lead them, then down the stairs once more, and we would end our round in the Great Banquetting Hall, ... here to gaze at the stone arches errected in 1666. with all the arms of the Copes, tracing their descent from Edward. I. That Monarch's daughter Elenor, (now biatified) married a

Bohun, whose child married a Mohun, (whom Anthony was named after),—and their child married a Cope. Beyond were a second pair of carved stone arches, dating from 1327.





Chapter. VII.
Children of the Castle.

"Bursie,-Bursie,- are we going frough the farm yard this morning?"..—"The farm-y yard," repeated Anthony. . . . A quarter of an hour later little feet clad in floppy goloshes clattered noisily down the uncarpetted stairs leading from the passage outside the large night nursery.

The same little feet ran accross the yard in front of the queen Anne stables, (the middle one had been converted into a garage,) with the enormous perfectly shaped beech tree in the centre. Bushnell was bustling briskly about, clattering his bucket down here and there. . . Cara ran up to us wagging her tail and rubbing herself gently against us,—she had had lately a fine litter of puppies, all of which my mother sold for very good prices.

Though the door now faded a dark pink coulour we went, chatting about everything ;—Nurse followed less quick ; we were now in what we called the " farmy-yard." It had been the house-farm, which my father had run himself, with his brother Toney as steward. He used to go out for about half a hour every morning with his tall " thumb-stick " that he alway carried, and would go to the pig sties sctratching the animals' backs for hours ;—from my father I inherit my facination for the pig.

All, however that was left of the animals now, were the fine grey cart horses,—a great flock of pigeons, and about as many chicken.

Past the huge old tithe barn with its beams and immense old rafters we ran,—stopping for a moment to admire a fine peacock spreading his green and gold tale in the sun proudly before us. . . .

Phylis lingered behind to chat and flirt with Dick Smith the carter, as he stood by the fine great grey head of his cart horse ; and we trotted along gaily with Nurse to see if there were any daffodils in the wood further on.

. . . . .

So past nearly every morning,—and so past that old man Time, ... he hovered a minute over the blissful days of babyhood, on his great black wings,—as though contem-

plating and smiling over that wonderful period's naïve innocence.

At midday we had our hour's rest,—in the Summer time lying in our yellow peramulators, gazing up at the fleecy clouds floating accross the azure arch of heaven.

Often, later,—my father would come and take me with him for lovely little walks. . . . . one I can remember distinctly around the great glittering lake ;—it was about the lovliest private large piece of water I have ever seen. Its size was somewhere between,—I should imagine,—three to three and a half acres, . . it its centre was a most picturesque wooded island, about half an acre,—in the middle of which was an octagnal Roman well, about six feet across.

In the evenings, many times again,—my father would row out in our little boat with me, on this blissful lake.

The dip of the oars and the faint plash of the water now and then, was all that broke the perfect silence of the still Summer evening.

Across the water sounded the cry of the blue-grey wood pigeon, ... now and then a little coot would splash in the water with a small bubbling call. . . I loved hanging my chubby little hand in the cool water,—and catching a blossom head or floating leaf,—and breaking the serene un-

earthly peace, with my gay, incessant chatter. . . The green wood-peckers derisive laugh floated accross the stillness from the green and golden wooded shores. Perhaps a little chilly breeze would waft against the boat and I would give a slight shiver,— . . . . my father would carefully steer the "Dabchick" into the heather-thatched boat house in the reeds. . . .

We often had large house parties, and my mother's friends the Shenleys would come and stay,—there were nearly always the cousins,—Arbel and Inez. Very often too, Bunting,—who had now become a celebrated London beauty, —and often too her mother,—our Aunt Ada. But my father who was not fond of company and much prefered walking in the beautiful wild park,—or shooting in the bracken with his faithful cocker spaniels,—would often leave my mother with the visitors,—and come and play and talk with his fairhaired, forever prattling little daughter. I can so well remember being held up in my father's arms to watch from the window of the Long Gallery a tennis party far beneath. . .

Another day the house party all went out with lunch hampers on the lake,—and I and my little brother came out afterwards, . . I remember seeing Mr. Shenley punting gingerly out in the long black boat that had been made

long before by my father ;—he and his brother Jack had been very clever at carpentry.

Other friends of my mother's who often stayed were the Porters,—(Mrs Porter died about three years ago ;) . . . I hated her, I could not have told you why,—my mother had told me it was unlucky ever to take one's wedding ring off, so I always pulled Mrs Porter's off whenever I got the chance. . . I was like that. . . Our sweet old Uncle Timmy often visited too,—my father's half-brother.

I had not seen my grandfather much ;—sometimes on our way back from Cowes we had stayed to tea with him. Somewhere about this time we went to see him, at our Uncle Toney's house at Newbury, where he was living.

When I was taken into the room I got upon his lap and kissed him,—but the next minute slid off again and gazed up into his face with my large " golden " eyes, . . asked solemnly :—

—" Grandady,—why are you so prickly ? " . . . .

One morning as we lay in our peramulators,—gazing at the pink and rose couloured clouds until we imagined them to be a floating mass of fairies. . . . (and who knows quite what a cloud really is ;) . . we heard from the same demenses in which they floated a very large rumbling noise.

Was it an aroplane ? . . . No,—it was much too loud

for that ; . . listen ! — it was coming nearer and nearer. Presently the grey form of a huge sausage shaped machine,— droning accross the heavens far above our heads, —revealed itself to be the cause of our disturbance. It was the ill-fated airship the R.101. on its last and fatal voyge in the clouds. . .

AT THE LADY WELL.

. . .

Nearly every morning, I followed Phylis on her journey to the little spring of such singular interest,—the Lady Well,—a coruption of "Our Lady's Well." It was situated in the part before mentioned,—the Wilderness,—stretching from in front of the Terrace down to the river Hart.*

* We know by old plans that this once was laid out in Italian formal gardens,

To the right of the Terrace, a little way, the Wilderness descends in a steep sloap or bank,—about ten feet high ;—on the side of this sloap, overshadowed by a gnarled may-tree, gurgles for eternity the little Lady Well. It ranges from the times of pilgrims,—and was evidently constructed for them. Thus, being for a charitable purpose it recieved the name of Our Lady's Well, and a little stone relief of her,—obviously of great antiquity let in its back of cool old mossy bricks,—rather supports the idea that it might even have been miraculus. It is interesting to note,—too, that its waters were of a wonderful pureness,—my father sent it to be anylised once,—and only ten ⁰/₀₀ of unpureness was found in it, whereas most drinking waters have about twenty ⁰/₀₀. It was the custom for the house to naturally make use of it for drinking purposes,—and as of old the maids would walk out carring their cans. The well must come from a very strong source,—as, not only does it supply a pump in the court yard, but no draught seems to make the slightest difference to it. . . . The sun shone dazzleingly brightly

and arranged with topri terraces,—somehow it arrived at the present state,—all grass,—with however, in the central dip the remains of a stream,—started by a spring which must be,—by an undergroud course connected with the Lady Well,—and evidently was intended to, or once flowed into the Hart. Two or three years ago my brother and I confirmed the fact that the terraces still exist under the sods,—by scratching and digging open the elevated parts, & everywhere finding cemented bricks.

THE TWO LITTLE TOTS
WOULD ENTER.

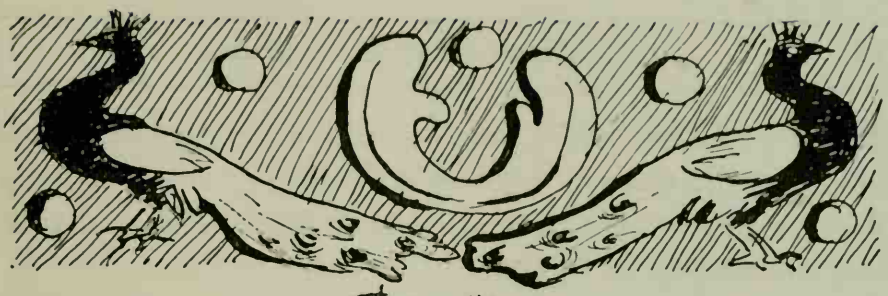
on the terrace with its strip of verdant grass,—down the centre, and the thin one on the edge, on which Phylis walked in prim grey dress,—and stiff white cuffs and starched apron, —she always reminds me of a Puritan maid,—when I think of her. . . If I felt very brave I too would walk on the very edge of the outer strip of grass, . . . it was thrillingly terrifying though ! . . .

We went to quite a lot of parties now,—and our mother bought us the most charming late Georgian clothes,—we looked like the Sackville children in the famous Hopner picture. Actually they were relations of ours their mother, the Duchess of Dorset, was before she married Arabella Cope.* Anthony in his beautiful long golden curls suited the little period suit and buckle shoes to his finger tips. Our mother had us photograhed in these clothes by that ingenious photographer,—Marcus Adams. I had an exceptionally good memory,—there is a certain little book in rhym "A Child's Rule of Life" which with hearing Nurse read aloud I could say off pat, turning the pages over in the right place. I was then four years old. With this memory I had picked up all the historys of the different Bramshill rooms and was able to show visitors around.

* At Knole there are two portraits of her, one an exquisite and famous Reynolds,—the other a painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun.

She took with her many Cope things,—one a Van Dyck, of Sir Anthony Cope. which hangs in the hall.

Thus the Summer passed,—playing in the fallen blooms of the snowy accasia in the Green Court,—or perhaps sighting the fleeting figure of a deer in the woods . . . . . there were one or two left.



Chapter VIII.

My Father's Illness.

—oo—

My father in the middle of 1930 began to suffer from insobnia,-which unfortunately grew worse and worse. Day after day he wandered away with Laws, the keeper and his cocker spaniels shooting in the red bracken in its blazing russet glory,—under the blue pine trees and Scotch firs,—some tremendous age and brought by James. I. from Scotland, . . a few are said to have been planted by the monarch himself.

After a time my poor father could no longer even enjoy his favourite sport,—nor wander in the wet woods with his gun, . . .—no longer, when we pattered across the front hall did Anthony and I hear the sound of the banjo, in the Outter Library.

Aunt Ada came and stayed and sujested that my father should take up her favourite hobby, knitting, for distraction,

and to soothe his nerves which were in a terrible state,—but unfortunately this was too,—of no avail. . . . soon my poor darling father was so bad with a nervous breakdown that he was now entirely in bed. . .

. . . . .

I turned over in my little bed, and passed my hand over my eyes drowsyly, . . still in the stuper of sleep I heard the mellow old voice of the queen Anne stable clock riging out the hour of four. I realised that there was a light in the room, which had awoken me,—and I saw Nurse in front of the bed, in her mauve dressing gown, . . then I distinguished the form of my mother,— . . with tears on her cheeks,—I had never seen her crying before, . . I thought " grown-ups " never cried.

She turned and noticed me propping myself up upon my little elbows,—and realised I had awoken ;—

" Daddy's dying "—she sobbed. . . .

The cold blasts of the very early morning whistled through the open windows,—which rattled noisily,—every corner of the house seemed to shriek, and wail. It is a strange fact that in great sorrow,—when hope seems to die in everything,—which even then being a sensitive child,—I was able vaguely to feel,—the world looses it coulour ;—the cheerful light green of the bedroom walls, looked grey and colour-

less,—the warm yellow glow of the electric lights * seemed white and cold,—and forbidding looking, . . . in short, all the world had a horrible sinister bleakness about it.

I turned sleepily still, upon my pillow, . . . Anthony had awoken too, . . and had his head up, his chin just creasing and dropping, with great tears just commencing to roll down his fat red little cheeks. . . There we crouched upon our pillows, choaked with salt hot tears, . . outside the mournful cry of a peacock sounded faintly in the chilly wind of the first hours of the morning, . . the lights were out, and in a minute or two kind sleep again overtook our sad drowsy little heads. . .

. . . . .

That time, and one other time,—my poor darling father had the last sacriments,—and the purple stoled priest was sent for,—and unlocked the black tabinacle in the chappel, . . . but the Almighty both times, dirrected the dark Angel away from Bramshill's mass of green, mossy roof, and thought fit to let my father recover.

Night after night my noble brave mother watched faithfully by my father's bedside, . . she hardly ever slept. . .

* In about 1929. my parents had laid on a large electric engine,—under the harness room; before then we had nothing but lamps and candles. I can now remember Nanny MaCarthy carring a little candle stick,—and seing a lamp burning on the nursery table.

" Æque, adeste animo," (" Be ye ready with unruffled courage ")—our family motto. My mother could not have kept it better ; . . . " unruffled courage " no word could suit her wonderful conduct better.

Once, in the middle of the night,—the telephone rang, . . and my mother who had been a long time without any intercouse with her friends,—and was now leading a solitary life in her home, all by herself, and watching my father,—was greatly puzzled who the telephoner could be,—and such an unearthly hour, too. It turned out to be Lady M—., a great friend of the family, imploreing my mother to come to her at her ancient home, quite near ;—of corse my mother could do no such thing,—but some time afterwards she at length payed her the visit. Lady M—.'s sister, had with a friend of hers, as both were said to be very psychic,—had gone up into the tower of Glastonbury's grey mass of ivy adorned ruin, to destroy a great cobweb, which said they, hung over England, whose fortunes would be restored, when the web was done away with.

However all their magic and efforts produced a most unexpected outcome, . . for they recieved a message (from some fiend, devil, or angel, which you like) telling them of a man in a very large old house in the north of Hampshire,—whom it said,—was extremely ill, and ended :—" *You* can cure."

When Lady M—. had heard this from her sister, she had immediately exclaimed :—

—" This must be Denzil Cope ; " . . . and now got upon her knees in front of my poor mother to let her bring her sister and the friend,—to work their spells upon my father.

Naturally my mother would in no way consent to such witchery and simply left it at that. As to the giant cobweb, (I would hate to see the spider that span it !) I suppose it remained forever quivering its curse upon England,—any way, cobweb or no cobweb, the fortunes of that country certainly never improved.

Another time my mother's friend Lady D—., who was too by way of being very psychic,—insisted opon coming to Bramshill and rubbing a broach upon my poor father,—this she was sure would have the most wonderful effects.

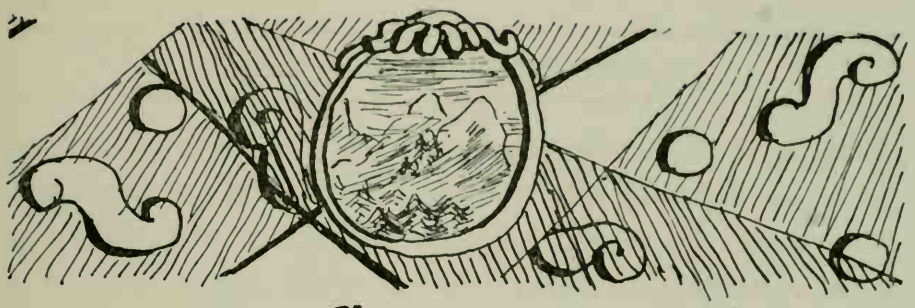
The broach was the large, ugly, and very old-fashioned kind with a portrait miniture of Queen Victoria in it;—and had been given by the Queen to the great Duke of Wellington ; . . . why it should retain such wonderful powers I can not say. . .

However still my poor father grew no better,—and for a long time my mother had to keep a night nurse and day nurse for him, whilst she herself hardly ever left him. One nurse we had a little while, went to London for the night, and

the hôtel he was staying in, caught fire, and the poor fellow, and one other person, had the terrible luck to be burnt with it.

My brother and I used to go up about once a day to visit my father and mother. To me the whole illness was such a shock, from which I was still half dazed. . . My father,—I thought had been so well,—I had been too young to notice that his nerves were in such a terrible state.

Anyhow it was a distraction for us,—when, in the May of 1931. our Grandmother, who was on long stays at Bramshill, on and off, announced her intention of taking us to Switzerland. Not that we really relished the idea greatly, . . . we frankly owned that we would much prefer to go to the sea anywhere in England,—but in any case, it was a tremendous excitement.



Chapter VIII.
Switzerland.

Little Anthony, our nurse and myself,—with our grandmother, and our mother (who was to leave us in Paris,) started from London in the train for Dover, in June.

We got upon the boat to cross the channel, and watched the last speck of England's white chalk cliffs fade away on the blue grey horizon. We were not to see them again for two months. At Callais we really became quite thrilled, and we boarded the train for Paris ;—we were terribly bord and impatient crossing the dreary monotonus plains of northen France, with its grass grown shell holes, and roofless, shattered houses,—horribly realistic relics of the Great War,—thirteen years before. After,—it seemed hours, our mother pointed out to us the white dome of the Sacred Cœur, glimmering in the bright June sunlight.

We arrived in Paris,—the city of my birth it will be remembered,—and then there was the thrill of the wonderful French taxi drivers with there terrifying way of rushing top speed through thik trafic, and just when you were sure of crashing into some other veicle swirving in a way that puts even the steady heart of a child in your mouth.

My mother showed me the Conciegerie stretching along the side of the Seine,—I was always mad on history,—and then I had heard of the unfortunate queen,—Marie Antoinette,—who had been imprisoned in the long stone building, I was looking at.

We stayed the night at the Ritz, and the next morning we said good bye to our mother at the station, and proceeded with our grandmother and our nurse on the long train journey to Switzerland. As we approached Switzerland I became more and more peevish,—and expressed my disgust at the lowness of the rocky railway embankments I took to be mountains. . . For a time we had contented ourselves with tearing out the paper numbers which often occur upon the sides of railway carriages, and making our gandmother's fat bad tempered Schnaucher dog, Ali Baba, which was accompanying us, to beg,—but the paper slips ran out.

I was in a state of exasperation when the train stopped at some little station on the borders,—our grandmother insisted

upon us getting out and stretching our legs,—and of corse *poor* Ali must have a little walk.

Naturally there was another dog on the platform for the creature to have a tiff with,—and the owner and the station master and our grandmother had to talk it out. We did not understand the foreign exciteability at all,—and became quite nervous to see all of them jumping and stamping around each other, jabbering in such Gibberish we thought,—the chef

de gare, jesticulating desparately,—and raising his voice to a scream. My brother and I, to say nothing of our nurse soon learnt to expect nearly everywhere this strange behavior.

Our spirits raised when, sometime afterwards we got out at Bex ;—I was terrified at the *dreadful* way one had to cross the levelled rails right under the snorting noses of the black oil engines. It was the evening now when we got into the finicula in which we were to ascend to the tiney mountain village just next to the small town of Villas.

I was thrilled at the jagged snow-patched purple peaks that now came into view,—the throthy gorges, that rushed between rocks,—and through dark woods of ragged pines.

I was even forced to confess to myself at the bottom of the proud relentless little heart of mine,—that these grand sights quite surpassed my highest expectations.

Of corse when we arrived at the Hôtel Anglais,—the usual travelling hitch and panic had to happen. The finicula went on with ours, and our grandmothers numerous luggage.

At first everyone thought it was left at Bex,—and then my grandmother in a state of frenzy became sure they had all gone on in the finicula to Italy. However the hôtel porter soon quietly made his appearence with all the trunks and boxes safe and sound upon his trolly, explaining in guttrel

French that it had just gone on to Villas, from whence he had retrieved it.

Anthony, our nurse and me then repaired to the little challet belonging to the hôtel over the road and up a little hill, leaving my grandmother at the hôtel for her rooms were there, and ours at the challet. Overwrought and tired with our long journey we both lay down upon our beds and cried ourselves to sleep. . .

I awoke very early in the morning,—and opened my eyes wide, on seeing Anthonys podgy face rimed with brown gold curls, peeping out of a fleecy white mist pouring in at the open window. The beautiful peaceful expression on the face of the sleeping child,—reposing like a Raphäel cherub in the clouds,—for so it was, is a sight I shall never forget. . . I was thrilled when on waking our nurse I discoved what the white vapour really was,—and kept repeating to my little brother, who had now awoken ;—

—" Fink,—Anthony,—fink, we are above the clouds,—above the clouds,"—and I added thoughtfully :—

—" I never fort clouds were like *vat.*"

We dressed quikly,—or rather nurse dressed us as quickly as she could,—and we ran out and gazed at the novel and beautiful scenery before us. . .

Below in the valley far beneath, the white wreaths of

clouds arose,—enveloping the snow-clad peaks before us;—on our left in the distance we saw the proud purple form of the Dent du Midi, silhouetting its self against the light misty blue sky. In the distance floated up from the valley the melodious sound of the cow bells.

Of corse we had to go for a walk,—and found our way with nurse to a delightful bridge over a white foamy gorge which fell in noisy cascades over green mossy rocks,—no doubt commenced from the melted snow high up in those glittering and violet peaks in the distance. My delight knew no bounds when we caught sight of a peasant girl in her charming stiff national dress.

Several times our grandmother took us up in the fenicula to the very top of the mountain we were staying on. It was a most enraptureing of places,—so typical of Switzerland's wildly beautiful sceneary.

. . . .

—" These are *such* big rocks ! " . . —I exclaimed stumbling over a small grey bolder,—and gaining my equilibrium by means of my podgy little hands . . . . this really was the most beautiful spot in the world ; . . . there, even nearer than ever were the snowy crests of the neighbouring mountains,—whose peaks reared themselves out of scarves of ragged and " bogey " looking pines. . . Before us the

first of the three lakes this place was renowned for,—reflected the pale misty blue of the sky.

We were nearing a little Alpine farm,—and accross our path stroled tawny mountain goats with bells suspended from the collars about their unkempt necks. Anthony and I stumbled along over the rocky uneven way,—sometimes lagging behind, and sometimes running in front of " the grown-ups." . . Into the valley surraunding the lake we walked.

A pigtailed girl dressed in bright coloured ragged traditional apparel ran swiftly on her bare-feet with a lean shaggy-fired mountain dog some hundered yards in front of us. She was evidently the inmate of the picturesque delapidated challet that nestled under the shelter of some dark pine trees in the wild and beautiful glen. . . .

We percieved our grandmother talking in French very excitedly to a little group of people,—and, grasping Anthony's hand I ran up :—

—" Granny, . . . granny,—what is it?—what is it ? " I cried impatiently—". . . What are vey talking about ? " My grandmother took me by the wrist,—and still jabbering in French dragged us all round the corner,—and pointing to a lage majestic peak almost entirely covered in sparkling white snow,—explained excitedly that it was Mont Blanc. I saw the famous mountain one or two more times. . . .

After we had returned from this spot,—we several times endeavoured to reach it on foot by climbing up a steep and twisting path,—that Nurse knew the people of the hôtel took,—as really it was quite near. Our grandmother had brought us each at Villas two little walking sticks surmounted by curved rams' horns as handles ; . . . we were desperately proud of them ! . . . With the help of these we ascended the rather slippery clay path,—net worked over convienently with roots, . . . we thought this really was mountaineering, —and Anthony wrote on a postcard to our mother in scrawly capital letters ;—

> "Dear Mummy,—we climbed muddy mountains.
> With love from Anthony."

. . . .

Several times our grandmother took us for long taxi drives through sweet little old cobble stoned villages. . . Children ran in bright coloured faded rags, and thin pigtails, —barefooted over the sharp stones. The women washed their clothes and linen, in the quaint stone troths and pumps in the narrow deserted streets. We even drove right down into the distant valley from which the clouds seemed to rise.

But in spite of all,—I generally kept up my habituel peevishness,— . . . denounced the mountains as not at all high, . . . complained that I had seen no preipices, . . .

and promptly declared the beautiful Alpine-glow as hidious. . . . I doubt all the same whether I thought any of these things at the bottom of my heart. . . Anyhow I really openly overflowed with joy when the Swiss National Festival came along. Flags of the white cross on the scarlet background were hung out everywhere,— . . and nearly every girl and child was dressed with the tight velvet laced bodices,— striped skirts, and butterfly headress, etc. . . I really was thrilled,— . . . specially when our grandmother got the manageeress to give us when the festeval was over,—each a large cotton Swiss flag, from the hôtel decorations ; . . . we kept them for years after as prized treasures. . . . !

Chapter IX.

Up and Down in the Mountains

In the last two or three weeks of our stay in the mountains, Anthoy got a chill or a billious attack, . . . I do not quite know what. . . I thought it dreadfully dull, . . . we did not even climb "muddy mountains" any more,—for all Nurse's time was taken up looking after my brother.

I mouched about outside our challet,—looking at the great fat green snails as they lay curled up in little crevices in the rocky banks,—or crawled about on their slimy tummies. . . . But the weather was usualy very bad,—and violent thunder storms broke the clear mountain air.

Then I could not even wander about outside,—and simply crouched in front of the fumy oil stove inside,—and wished

myself a thousand times back in my fairy haunts at Bramshill. . . .

To make matters worse,—my grandmother, who had always a leaning for doctors,—and medcine etc,—every now and then produced a physician,—from the consumptive sanortoriams, —mostly I think.

One I particually hated ;—he had a little French mustache,—and jabbered in that language to my grandmother, . . . you never knew quite what dreadful thing he was ordering next. . . His chief outcome was that I had to eat two bottles of yourt, a-day, I detested it,—to say nothing of what I though of its appearences. . . . !

To while away the time I used to stick coloured advertisements that our grandmother gave us, on to the walls of our challet bedroom,—for they were covered in dark brown sticky paint, . . something like tar, which just lent itself to such usages; . . . if one did not stick one's fingers too. . .

Somehow or other I caught or developed Anthony's chill,—dirrectly he became well ; . . . poor Nurse !—what a time of it she did have ! . .

. . . I went to bed for my turn now,—and had an annoying little fit of light headedness,—in which I saw strange sights as our little Swiss maid,—Margurite, swiming in cream, . . . and once mistook the eiderdown for a dragon. . . .

However I very soon became well again ;—we were soon to leave for the Lake of Geneva now, and I remember my last tea in the Hôtel Anglais. I had picked up one or two words of French,—and I was very proud when my grandmother sent me to ask for :—

—" Le beurre,—s'il vous plait !—" Of course my interpretation of it was :—

—" Ler bur, sivil play . . . ! "—at any rate the maid seemed to understand. . . . It was a fine evening,—when we came out from the hôtel, and gazed accross at the serene majestic peaks glowing a soft steady rose and lilac, from the reflection of the setting sun. . . They had almost become familiar, for a month to a child of five is a lifetime ;—but now, as I listened lazily to the tinckling sound of the cowbells waftered near and far again on the crisp still evening air,—I only thought I would be glad to see the last of the sight now before me. . . The loftly purple head of the Dent du Midi,—the pale white chain of Mont Blanc,—and the wide valley filled with pink dots, . . and ragged

wreaths of pine woods, that appeared to endeavour to clutch their way up the steep mountain sides ;—all only conveyed to me this bare uninteresting land with no fairy haunts,—or mossy leafy glades, . . . and the bare,—rather,—cheerless challet bedroom, with no toys and beautiful dolls,—as I was accustomed to in my palace home. . . . .

The next day after a lot of bustle and packing,—we slowly made our way down the mountain in the finicula. That was quite a thrilling performance,—we looked eargerly first out of one side window,—then out of the other. Steep ravines, . . . white swift gorges, tumbling over wet brown rocks, . . and new mountain peaks, met our gaze. . .

The most thrilling event was when the finicula rolled noisily on its greesy black cog-chains, through a dark rock tunnel cut through one of the mountains themselves, and dimly lit by a number of lamps, on its green damp walls.

We arrived at Bex as before, and started in a train for Vevey, (I called it Vivy)—on the Lake of Geneva where we were going to spend another month. The only thrilling thing we found about that train journey was when Anthony and I caught sight of a "*real* precepice," bordered and crowned at the top of its yellows coloured sides with a forest of black pines.

It was getting dark when we arrived at Vevey,—and immediately the taxi had driven us up to the door of Le Grand Hôtel,—we went straight to bed in the room that my mother and her sister had had when they were children, in staying at Vevey.

Personally I thought this was a much better place we had come to,—and the next morning Anthony and I ran out onto the balcony, adjoining our room,—and gazed upon a sight so different from the view out of our challet window near Villas, that one would hardly have believed the scene to be in the same country.

There beyond the lawns and egg shaped macra-carpas of the hôtel gardens,—the bright orange sun, shon his early morning rays on the great calm blue and silver waters of the huge lake. I could hardly believe that it was a lake, it was much more like the sea,—on one side you could not see the end. Then there were of course the white and lilac mountains fringing its shores, which reminded one that you were in Switzerland after all. . . .

On the other distant shore opposite could just be distinguished the pink and white dots marking the French town of Avion. I came to the conclusion that this was *decidedly* very much better and I thought that the Grand Hôtel was a most beautiful place, . . especially when on running

down to breakfast,—we saw to our infinite delight that the large dining rooms had their ceilings all painted with frescoes of fat groups of pink and white cupids, and even in one with bright coloured naked feamales floating in blue clouds, which shocked nurse terribly.

We quite forgot to eat our breakfast with gazing at this fascinating ceiling,—and made our necks stiff with looking up. . . .

All the time of our stay at Vivey Ali Barba was on the war path. He never allowed me the liberty of holding his lead,—and pulled me over mercilessly on the hard ornate mosiac floor of the hôtel hall. . . .

He had commenced by biting the page boy severely who took him out early every morning for a little nose round the hôtel gardens. . . . He next disgraced himself by all but eating up some old lady's little white lapdog, . . . for this Ali Barba was never allowed in the hôtel or its grouds off the lead again. . . . But Ali broke this law quite a lot of times,—for often when my grandmother thought she had safly locked him in her room,—Ali had learned the secret of the Swiss door handles which only needed leaning on with a hevy chubby paw, . . and there one was, . . . free . . . !

On these occasions the contrary dog nearly always managed to sneak off and get lost, . . . and our grandmother nearly broke her heart until someone luckily caught sight of a large grey-white pudding sneaking guiltily around some corner or other. . . .

My brother and I knew no end to our delight when our grandmother told us that she was going to take us for a trip in one of the paddle boats we saw so often steaming their way on a path of silver accross the aquamarine coloured waters.

So accordingly the next day we found our selves standing in the brilliant sun on the little wooden pier of the hôtel waiting for the arrival of the boat. Anthony and I gazed

into the water below the pier at a tremendous swarm of tiney olive green fishes that always appeared at the surface of the lake on warm days, to bask in the sun.

Then we sighted the yellow painted paddle boat coming steadily towards, us, . . . and away we sailed on the turquoise rippleing waters. . . . After a while, as we stood on the deck,—my brother and I saw the toy like town of Montreux,—its yellow paper-like towers bathed in strong sunlight, and lapped at gently by the sparkling water. . . It really had the entire aspect of Anthony's little cardboard and paper fort. . . . After this we quite often came by boat to Montreux, where we did nothing in particular. . .

But sometimes we sailed past the little painted cardboard town,—and the scenary bordering the lake became more wild. . . There,—descending from the lilac and snow patched peaks that appeared to be covered in white iceing,—thick woods of dark pines came to the waters edge ; . . . surrounded by these trees,—projected the grim little château of Chelôn,—its yellow stone battlements made green, . . and wet at the base by the constant lapping of the lake. . . . Our grandmother had told us how several hundered years ago,—the wretched prisoners of the château,—were pushed, in the dead of night, down ôubliettes into the cold deep lake. . . . I always thought this terribly grusome, . . . and

when we passed Chelôn I always felt something creepy slide down my spine. . . Although brightened with smiling sunlight all over,—it still had an eerie forbiding look about it, and one would quite believe it to be the scene of the foulest and darkest deeds. . . .

Once we started out on a bright sunny afternoon as usual. Anthony and I were rather excited as we intended to go for rather a long trip to day, . . . some way past Chelôn. . .

The azure sky had not a single cloud in it and the great Lake of Geneva was as calm as a mill pond. But after about half an hour the sky became suddenly a threating purpleish grey,—which reflected itself dully in the waters now becoming restless. . . Soon squals of wind started blowing cold spray into our fat little faces,—and our grandmother hustled us,—in spite of great remonstrances down below. The wind grew wilder and our grandmother realized in terror that we were in a lake storm. There was an old Miss Hopkins,—or Hopkinson and some other old lady,—they both lived at the Grand Hôtel, and had come for a little sunny trip.

They clung onto each other in a dreadful funk, . . . chattering in whispers, believing that their last hour had come. Anthony and I begged and implored and nearly cried for our grandmother to let us go on deck, . . . after all one did not get what we considered a shipreck every day,—

and it was awfully mean we thought not to be able to get the best out of it, when one came along. . . .

—We finally contented ourselves with glueing our noses until we nearly squashed them against the long glass window of the boat, and watching what we thought were the most enormous waves.

The outcome of it all was that the boat landed somewhere that it had not meant to and our grandmother hired a taxi to take us back to Vevey ;—everybody in awful tempers, . . and me as crotchity as could be because I had lost my dolls hat in the escapade. . .

Our grandmother still here kept finding new Swiss doctors, —and had found one who ordered,—(I do not quite know what for . . .) our throats to be touched with cotton wool dipped in alchol on the end of an orange stick,—a performance we loathed. . . And never the less every morning a lot of gurgleing and shuddering and choaking went on. . . It was not till we had been two or three weeks at Vevey that my grandmother discovered that there was a most celebrated doctor for treatments in the hôtel itself,—and so accordingly she found a coveinient lump in my backbone and I was marched high upstairs,—for a visit. . . He gave me an electrical treatment and queer smelling creams rubbed all over me every morning, for my hatred for food,

and anything in general,—I think. I know I did everything I could to beg my grandmother to stop this dayly torture,—but the treatment continued to the day we left,—and my grandmother liked the look of it so much that she had the treatment for herself. . .

One afternoon we took the paddle boat to the stiff little town of gaudy flower beds cut in patterns,—and clean streets,—and sunshine,—Lauzanne,—where we had tea in a peculiar café like a conservatory among fading palms and other kinds of greenary. . . Incidently we forgot Ali, and so—during "goutée" he lost himself,—and there was a great to do until some oficial by the boat quay made Nurse understand he had seem the creature prowling in and out of the scarlet and mauve beds, endeavouring vainly to find his mistress. . .

Nothing particular happened at Vévey,—and after another month we returned, staying in Paris at l'Hôtel des Champs Elysées for the night. . . . I was thrilled at the fountains and statuary we looked out on,—and in the evening saw from our bedroom window the black tall form of the Eifel Tower flickering in letters of fire an advertisement for Dunlop tyres,—against the opal coloured sky. . .

In the morning we were extremely surprised on seeing our grandmother rushing out of the bathroom in a terrible

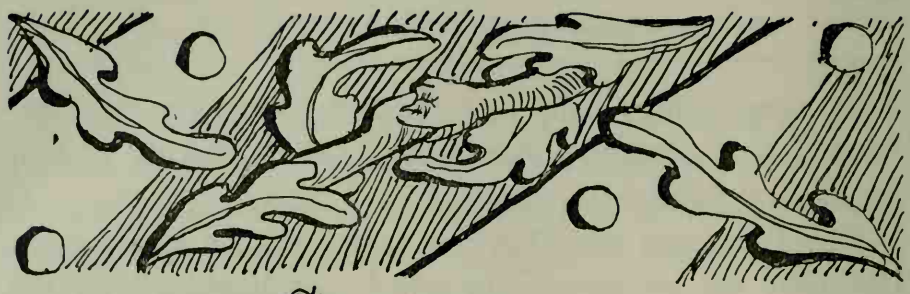
state,—explaining wildly that she had turned the bath tap on and,—on returning had found, for no earthly reason, the floor flooded with water. .

. . . It turned out that my grandmother had turned the spray tap on by mistake which was hanging over the edge of the bath,— . . . . and Nurse and everybody had to go in and mop up, with every rag and towel that was to be found in the place. . . Anthony and I could not resist,—in spite of the grown-ups,—giggling and paddling around regardless of our best little shoes. . .

We drove through the Bois,—and paid a hurrid visit to my grandmother's Paris house,—while she pointed out the Arch de Triomphe,—the Madelaine,—and a thousand other things. .

. . . Soon after we found ourselves in Victoria station in London,—and as I ran along holding my grandmother's hand I suddenly screamed out, . . . someone had caught my arm,—but upon looking up I saw no grim kidnapper but the sweet loving face of my mother. . .

She had during our stay in Switzerland,—flown over for a hurrid stay at Lourdes,—but as she could not leave my father for long had soon flown back into one of the Bramshill fields. . .



Chapter. X.
Two Little Colts.

Our cousin, Inez had been married a day or two before we came back from Switzerland to a Mr. William MacNamara,—an Irishman who had come often to Bramshill.

Anthony and I would have been page and bride'smaid had we been home sooner ;—I had been so about a year before to Miss Dilly Mildmay,—marring a Mr Wallington,—she was a great friend of my mother. . .

We had now started another dancing class run by a Miss Stainer, a celebrated London teacher,—at Sunningdale,—where Anthony,—aged just five had as he thought fallen very much in love with a pretty little girl aged nine who went by the uncommon name of Winsome. . .

. . . It may have been her name,—or more likely her

long hair,—always held in awe by tiney boys, . . . anyway Anthony, . . funny little chap !—seemed very much attracted by Winsome. . .

One day Anthony plucked up a lot of courage in a " rest " and plumped himself down beside the lady of his dreams. . . For several minutes he gazed at her in silent adoration, . . . at last he said slowly ;—

—" Winsome, . . . I fink you are *very* pretty." . .—

—" Yes, . . . you are very pretty, . . . you have such lovely eyes,—just like Cara's—"

—" Who's Cara ? "—asks Winsome gigling slightly ;—

—" Oh !—Cara's our greyhound, . . . and—she's *so* nice—. . . ."

—" Come along, darlings . . ." sounded the shrill stage-like voice of Miss Stainer,—and Anthony's brief love-scene was ended. . . .

Another time my brother being too shy to do so himself,—got another admiring little boy to pull out a lock of Win-

some's famous long curling hair, for him. . . Anthony had not arrived at the age of pockets,—and so the only way his funny little mind could work was to put the precious relic in his braces. . .

When we came home he and nurse looked over and over again in every corner of his little suit, . . . of course not a single hair could be found,—and Anthony wept loudly and bitterly, . . . It was really too pathetic to see him . . . !

Really unfortuneately for Anthony,—Winsome like many young people who have seen nine summers come and go,—thought herself quite grown up, and looked upon Anthony as little more than an amusing little baby. Anyhow Anthony made a great romance of it all and blushed a crimson colour at the very mention of what Nurse and I called his " lady-love,"—and to inhance it all I drew pictures of the two holding hands inside a crooked pink heart where ever I got the chance. Anthony was green with envy if ever I had obtained a look more than himself from the little Circe of Miss Stainer's dancing class. . . You would often see the little boy creeping around admiringly behind Winsome perhaps managing to touch her frock,—you never heard the end of that for the rest of the week . . . . !

I myself was too of rather a romantic turn of mind, ... I always had some fairy-tale hero on the go. . .

I was arranging the front of my doll's house,—and Nurse came into the nursery ;—

—" Nurse "—said I without turning round ;—" Who *was* Bonnie Prince Charlie ? " . . .— —I had just been with my mother into the larger bathroom we did not use the other end of our spacious Queen Anne nursery quarters,—and had inquired who was the name of the young man in the print I had rather taken a liking to. . .

But Nurse was somewhat annoyed at having both her memory and her history taxed so heavily and got out of it by answering curtly ;—

—" Well he was a bonnie man,—of course. . ."

That did not help at all,—and it was my turn to be annoyed now,—but I simply let off steam by giving the doll's house a push so that all the furniture I had so painstakingly arranged fell down with a tremendous clatter. . . .

. . . Anthony and I had peculiar games ; . . . of course my favourite one was " weddings,"—then I used to dress up in odd bits of mauve and purple net that I had once been given. . .

One such time I was dragging my long-suffering brother down one side of the nursery,—and Nurse who was doing the part of the priest,—said,—(getting it a bit round her neck) ;—

—" Wilt thou take this man for richer for poorer for sicker for better ?—"

—I put my head on one side to considder for a moment,—and then answered ;—

—" I fink I'll take him for richer—" . . . .

A very odd but favourite game of mine was being a contrary sort of wife who was forever getting off with another young man (our new nursey maid Dolly)—and giving him presents such as a gaily painted rubber ball (a casket of gold and precious stones) . . . Anthony did the angry husband very well, for even if he rarely said much,—he could affect a most famous frown. . .

. . . .

One evening as my mother sat looking after my poor father who was now well enough to be up,—but alas !—his illness had affected his mind and nerves and he never spoke a word. . .

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the shill bloast of a trumpet which rang all through the house ; . . . a few seconds after the butler stroled sedately into the the Morning Room :—

—" Mr Anthony Cope wishes to speak to you on the telephone,—Madame." . . . .

. . . A few minutes later my mother came to our

bedroom to tell us that our grandfather was dead, ...

Two sleepy little heads in turn rolled over and said simply and vaguely ;—

—" Oh." . . .

Our grandfather had died on November 1932. at the great age of ninety, peacefully at our Uncle Toney's house.

About two days later Anthony and I dressed in our little white sailor suits drove with our mother and grandmother down the Eversly drive to the funeral at the cemetary of Eversley Church. . .

Although it was November,—nurse had easily found some velvety scarlet roses in the exquisite Bramshill Rose-garden,—

which she had helped us each to tie a white satin ribbon around, and later two little tots walked forward hand in hand and taking care not to get too near the large dangerous looking deep grave,—each threw in a little boquet of bloom covered scarlet buds. . .

The whole family and all the relations Anthony and I did not know,—or forgotten we had,—were, there, as well as all the tenants and old cottagers who could remember this and that at Bramshill " in Sir Anthony's time."

Our grandfather had been in the Rifle Brigade,—(stange enough rank not being counted in the Army,—the Duke of Connaught had been his fag,)—so two army trumpeters walked foward,—and putting goldeny coloured trumpets hanging with dark green cords and tassels to their mouths—blew the Last Post in such deafining loud notes that nearly went through our little ear drums. . . .

We had been having lately rather a lot of cofins,—the old gardener Shorter had just died, . . . Nurse had drawn the nursery curtains,—but we had peeped at the flower strewn horse-hearse which was to carry him down to the Eversley cemetary,—I remember he had wished to be burried as near as possible to graves of the Cope family he had worked for. . . Next to his grave was burried my father's old nurse he was so fond of,—a Mrs White. . . . It is a strange fact

that her husband who worked on the Bramshill estate,—was the child of an illegitamate son of King William IV. My mother who had seen him said he was the image of the portraits of that King, . . . and although naturally he talked Hampshire,—he was a most perfect gentleman. . . .

. . . For some time now Anthony and lived quite uneventfully,—amogst our fairies and ancestors in our golden realm.

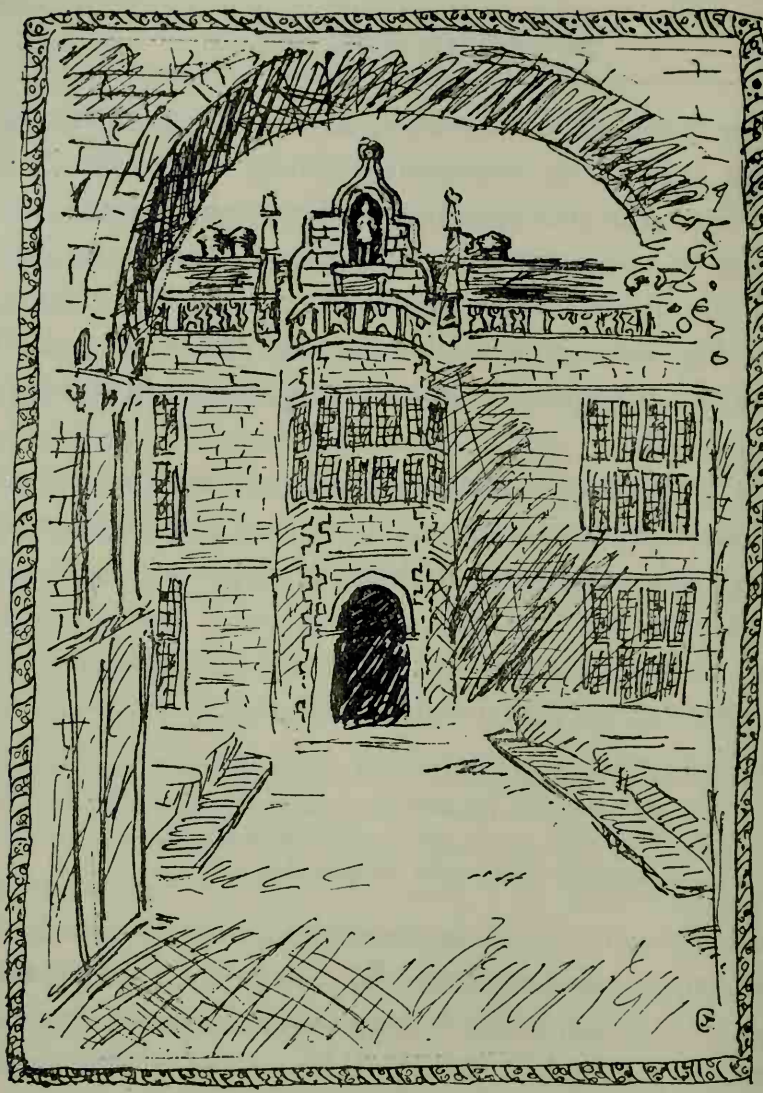
That Summer we did not go anywhere and delightful sunny days on end were spent in our little bathing-suits playing under the mottled shade of the two acasias in the Green Court.

The following lines are Browne's dedication of his " Shepherd's Pipe " to Lord Zouche :—

> " Be pleased (Great Lord) when underneath the shades
> Of your delightful Bramshill,—(where the Spring
> Her flowers for gentle blasts of Zephyrs trades),
> Once more to hear a silly Shepherd sing."

—This poem with its fascinating mixture of grandness,—and imaginary pastoral frivolity, suits rather well the happy life we were living under " Bramshill's delightful shades."

Our fairy kingdom hardly ever passed a day without having some new fantisy annexed to it,—by our ever inventing imaginations. . . .



BRAMSHILL:— View from the Green Court Gate. Known as the Lord Zouche Entrance from the statue above the door...

From a photograph taken by S. P. Cope.

Among the visitors who came on Sundays to tea once was the creator of the airship,—R. 101.—My mother said to Anthony,—who like most little boys was rather interested in anything mecanic ;—

—" Anthony darling,—this is a very great man, . . . he invented the R. 101 . . . . you remember,—don't you ? . . ."

—The child gazed upwards in that funny little thoughtful fashion of his,—while'st looking back over the various events of his short life,— . . . he answered decididly ;—

—" Oh yes ! . . . I remember, . . . I don't fink much of it,—it burst." . . .

The most thrilling event of this year was Anthony's and my first visit to the Aldershot Tatoo. . . A year or two before my father's illness,—my mother and father had been invited by the Queen to dine at the Government House at Aldershot with her,—King George,—the Princess Royal (then Princess Mary),—the Duke of Kent (then Prince George),—and Lord Lacelles. . . And of couse various people in waiting and General Cambell and his wife,—he was then the Commander in Chief at Aldershot. . .

Queen Mary commenced by staring and staring at my poor mother who thought her dress must be too short, or her neck too low,—or something terribly incorrect. . .

—But instead,—" like a shot out of a gun " as my mother put it,—the Queen asked in her deep and gutteral voice ;—

—" How's your son ? " . . . .

Nurse was so pleased and proud when she heard of this afterwards,—it took her about a week to get over petting her " boy-boy." . !

After dinner the various royal cars etc, all started off for the arena where the Tatoo was to take place,— . . and Bushnell was very nippy about swinging the large yellow Rolls quickly around and so got it about second behind the King and Queen. . .

It was a wonderful time for my mother and father to see what it was like, in this brief time,—to be royalty,—for the crowds creered themselves hoarse and the bands played " God Save the King,"—and the yellow Rolls was cheered just as much the people mistaking the inmates for royalty. . .

My mother and father could not choose but acknoledge the cheers with inclinations of the head on all sides. . .

Bushnell acted the part beautifully sitting very straight,—with wriggles in his seat,—charicteristic to himself,—and Charles Robinson the footman by his side,—doing equally well, with a haughty countenance,—and lips pursed into a rosebud. . . .

Then of course my mother and father had a beautiful

view of the whole performance from the Royal Box,—where my mother sat next to Lord Lacelles,—and at the end of each act the search-lights shon on them. . .

Funny enough after a little while my mother saw two people waving and waving at her from just beneath. . . She recognised Mr and Mrs Willes,—my father's cousin. . . .

To return to our visit to the day-light Tatoo,—it was anything but with royal honours,—in fact our seats were only for the humblest view on the side of the arena. . . Anyhow Anthony and I were greatly thrilled,—(especially with the guns),—and talked of it for months. . . .

Anthony by now had started to think himself something of a poet, . . . one day I found him painfully scrawling leggy capital letters on the back of something or other ;—

"Three little rabbits have had a good fill,—
Three little rabbits are taking a pill."

—Certainly quite the correct thing to do after a "good fill." . . . !

Really of course Anthony's poetical idea never came to anything as he was like most true Copes much more musically inclined ; . . . all the same a little later together we were again blossoming into verse,—which though it entirely lacks metor of any kind,—and has little or no rhyme,—

—shows at least that Anthony (who first thought of it),—was already showing some nautical inclinations :—

" The lighthouse sends out its flaring light
Upon the ocean sea;—
In the darkness all can see
And the sailors on the sea.
Oh what can it be
To sail on the sea!
With sharks a-diving in the waves
With an ever lasting life of blue expanse. . . ."

It went on with a bit more, . . . I can not really remember now. . . But to take us two children in a very different light,—we were quite a long way from the poetical-minded,—and instead rather inclined to the weird and horrible. . . To begin with we had a certain dream over and over again,—first Anthony then me. . . —We were walking down the avenue past the Lake and wandered off into the under-growth and brambles, . . . suddenly one came upon lying there, a human leg cut off just below the knee and covered with wet sticky blood. . . Really you would wonder where two small children could obtain food for such grusome fancies. . . One would belive we had been read the worst " penny-horror " on Levey,—(the local stationer's) shelf. . . Certainly it was not Nurse,—who fed us on gossomer clothed faries. . . .

Before writing another of our most blood and thundery tales,—(not a dream this time,)—I must apoligize to anyone who may be so unfortunate ever to pick up this book,—hoping it will not shock them *too* much,—but feeling quite sure it will make them sick :—

> " The doctor and his brother went to the cupboard,—and what do you think they saw?—A person hanging up ble-e-eding to death; —The doctor's brother died of fright. . . . They burried the person they found first . . .
>
> The doctor had blood-pie that night and while he was eating it, —a skeleton covered in blood entered,—carring a leg of mutton hanging on a cob-web . . ."

Thank goodness I have forgotten the others as there was a whole series of them ! . . We recited them together in the most weird of mono-tones to all our horrified relations in turn,—or any of the wretched visitors who had the misfortune to be taken around Bramshill by us. . .

They truely were unfortunate,—one day there was an old man whose dream of his life had been to see Bramshill. . . Well things went farely well until we arrived at the Chintz-Room . . . there (of course at *my* suggestion), we got him into the cupboard on some false pretences, . . . turned the latch and left him. . . Poor old man ! he remained there until the soft heart of little Anthony,—(he paid for the deed

afterwards from me !)—urged him to return and release him. . . .

. . . .

I woke up for no particular reason in the middle of the night ; . . . I rolled up, . . . up and unwound my head for Anthony and I always made a point of sleeping under the bed-cloathes. . .

—" I feel very hot and sticky, . . . not quite hot vough,—
—more like Anthony's hands, . . . —only. . . ."

I thought this to myself as with excessive wreathing and struggling I freed my plump small body. . .

. . . Just now I was feeling rather pleased with myself, . . . for this month,—it was somewhere in March,—I had been promoted to a room to myself and I now slept in the charming little Regency four-poster with it white and dainty rosebud chintz . . . for I was now seven. . . But this moment I was not feeling particually pleased with myself,—in fact I would have told you,—" rather funny." . .

I realised dirrectly my head emerged into the lovely cool-smelling night air,—that someone was standing by my bed. . . My first impression of course was that it was Nurse, . . . but I recognised in a flash that it was not ;—firstly because there was no light whatsoever in the room,—perhaps the weeist bit of starlight thats all,—and the figure stood out

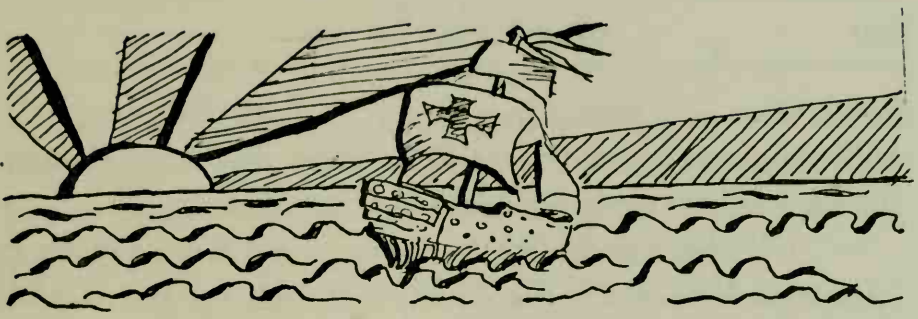
quite distinctly on its own,—and secondly because I saw it was *not* Nurse. . .

In reality I found myself gazing at a youngish woman,—who must have once been quite good-looking,—even a beauty,—but death had deprived her of any charms. Her face was plump, but ashen grey,—and all a trifle shaddowy,—her lips were thin and a kind of livid mauve played about them. . . The hair one could see had once been auburn,—or even brighter,—but although it retained it colour it looked dead and lifeless. . . The woman was dressed in a compleatly plain no sleeved robe,—no,—I do not think it was a robe at all,—it was a shroud ; . . . her arms and shoulders were bare the former hanging straight by her side. . .

But the most important thing of all about the girl were her eyes, . . . for they seemed to swallow up the rest of her entirely ;—not that they were extra big,—but they were black with a kind of dead light in them. . . Oh I shall never

forget those eyes for they gazed not *at* me but right *into* and through me. . . You felt that she saw ones soul ;—and the worst part they seemed so intensely sad,—and gave her whole face a drawn aspect. . .

All this I saw, but in one moment for when I percieved my night visitor was not of this earth I dived under the bedcloathes, and heard distantly the voice of the stable clock,—echo—one . . . two . . . three o'clock. . . .



Chapter. XII.

Sailing On.....

For about half an hour I did my utter most to get to sleep... I thought of Christ at Bethlehem,... of angels arrayed in robes the colour of light itself,—crowned and floating in sunset's rosy hues. . . Still the thought kept haunting my mind :—

—" Is she still by my bed ? " . . . —at that I got cold and hot and sticky in turn. . . However it did not last for very long,—for small heads soon get sleepy. . .

Next morning I called Anthony in while I was dressing to tell him of my adventure,—he was not particually impressed,—to my great disappointment,—and in his quiet little way almost laughed. . .

—But the next morning. . . . . ? . . . .

—" Oh, . . . Joan, . . . Joan . . . I saw the lady . . ." half-whispered a timid meek little figure that crept though the solid Queen Anne door into my bedroom. . .

—" Oh what was she like Anthony ? . . . *did* you really ? . . . what time was it ? . . . Were you in bed ? . . . Did she have one red ringlet on her right shoulder ? . . . was she in grey ? . . ."

—A thousand other questions I pounced down upon my poor brother ; . . . all he simply answered quietly and to the point by a little ;—

—" Just the same as yours. . ." A little time afterwards when we had both calmed down a bit I got it all out of him. . . Anthony's experience truely was just the same as mine,—and three o'clock had struck just the minute afterwards too !—

Two nights later I woke up again,—certainly I had forgotten " the lady " as we called her,—or I would not have pushed my head out of the same side of the bedcloathes as I had before, . . . There,—yes,—there she was, ... only this time she was not looking at me, . . . but turned to the side with her eyes cast down,—her cheeks looked almost as though they had tears rolling down them, ... her hair too was dishevelled and hung scarcely in ringlets by untidy locks. . .

This time however I gave myself less time to take her in than before,—and put my head quickly under the sheet,—like a tortoise with drawing into its shell. . . Slowly and distinctly the clock that moment struck three. . .

Anthony too had seen her that night,—this time though she had pointed dirrectly behind her, . . . towards his window. . . For all the rest of my life I have wondered what this movement could possibly mean,—for Anthony swears he was not deluded. . .

Once more Anthony states he saw "the lady"—but that time so indistinctly that he is not quite sure of it himself. . .

But I nearly forgot "the lady" because this Easter I was recieving my first Comunion in the Bramshill chappel,—where Mass was celebrated every Sunday and feast. . . Actually the Chappel was I understand,—the only private one besides Arundell keeping the reservation of the Blessed Sacriment. . . My first Comunion was quite the most important event I could remember in my life,—the night before the great day I could not sleep for ages with hurling myself round the bed and placing my head on and off on the bedside table,—and wishing it was morning. . .

I put on my dear little white muslin long dress that I had watched my mother make, . . . I could hardly stand

still for excitement when Nurse arranged my long net veil and wreath of white flowers. . .

All the relations came to celebrate the event with double presents of Easter-eggs and all maner off holy pictures,—statues and little white covered prayer books. . . Then after tea Nurse took photographs of me and some of us together in my " beautiful comunion dress." . . Anthony had by now had his curls cut off and looked at least ten for he was an enormous child now taller than me. . .

That last Christmas our mother had given us a dear little fleecy grey Bedlington puppy, . . . she went by the name of Jane,—we used to love walking her and brushing her,—and even endeavouring to cut up her special red and blue raw meat with a pair of scissors that would not cut. . . Unfortuneately neither Nurse nor Dolly took a particular liking to the little thing. . .

Anyhow we had to leave her at home when this summer our grandmother took us to Frinton. . . There had been an alternative of either there or taking us to the Highlands of Scotland,—but naturally to five and a half, and seven the joys of digging paddling and bathing prevaled and we shouted a chorus of :—

—" Oh ! the sea, . . . the seaside ! . . ."

Anthony being throughly English and so a " gamey "

little boy,—he loved wathing Mrs Wittan-Stall and other chamions playing tennis at Frinton. . .

Nothing in particular happened until next Summer,——when this time our grandmother took us to Sherringham in Norfolk. . . Even then I liked when not digging or paddling,—to poke about with Nurse and borred Anthony in the erie old ruins of which the East coast has so many. . .

. . . On our way back we stayed the night at the ancient town of Norwich,—in the " Maids head hotel " next door to the Cathedral. . . Of course when our grandmother heard there was a room in the hôtel in which Queen Elizabeth had slept our grandmother insisted upon procuring it for us. . . .

Anthony never lost his quite thoughtfulness through everything. . . A year or two previous my mother had complained to him that he never spoke to her at all,—so accordingly after sitting mum for a long time,—he asked ;—

—" Mummy, . . . do you like wood-lice ? . . ."

My poor mother knew not what to do. . . .

—" Well I'm afraid Anthony I don't even know what they look like ;—so I think you had better change the subject. . ."

—" Mummy, . . . where do the tram-car lines end. . ? "

—An even worse question than before ! . . . .

—" Which do you like best,—Mummy,—brown cows,—or black ones. . . ? "

This little conversation is so typical of my sweet little brother in those days,—and even now,— . . . in a way. . .

The most exciting thing that happened to me just now was a certain dream. . . Which seemed afterwards to be the chief cause of a change in my existance. . . I never knew then either how correct it was to history. . .

I dreamt I was walking with my brother with squalls of wind and sleat on a moor of dead heather, . . . much trodden on in parts which had turned to mud and slush. . .

. . . Everything had gone back into the early middle of the eighteenth-century, . . . We were both just grown up,—I was dressed in a long pale yellow silk gown,—over which I was holding tightly a blue velvet cloak with a hood. . . . Anthony was exactly himself, only about two or three feet higher than I knew him in reality . . . all in grey velvet. . .

The scene and everything I find coroborates with the early morning before Culloden Moor. . .

On the side of a heather covered hill to the left sat some highlanders,—I think chieftains, . . . they were bearded and had their bonnets pulled well down over their faces, . . . and were muffled in their plaids. . . But I did not take much notice of them for all my attention was taken up by

the striking young figure of Prince Charles Edward. . . I have found,—although I knew nothing about him then,—that everything coincides. . .

He was mounted upon a fine grey horse which moved about and pawed the ground in spirited restlessness. . . But Prince Charles even I could tell rode it beautifully,—and moved with a fascinating gracefullness in his saddle. . .

His hair was being blown in loose ringlets and curls accross his face,—which was thin high cheek boned and browned with the weather. . .

There has always been much dispute as to the colour of the Prince's eyes, . . . but I remember they were deep set,—round, and a light,—somtimes greyish blue and somtimes violet. . . His nose was thin and aristocratic looking, . . . and his mouth round,—with a real Cupid's bow,—and rather protruding lips. . .

Prince Charles was dressed in the Stuart tartan and had a plaid drawn around him,—in his bonnet he had an extra tall feather that stuck right up. . .

As far as I can make out I had been persuading my brother to join the Princes army and he,—with his usual reservity was hanging back, . . . I gave him a push,—and he walked up to Prince Charles,—and for quite a long time it seemed to me I watched the too talking against the indistinct blue

grey mist. . . Then Anthony beckoned me up,—and I advanced thrilled. . . Strange to say I felt a feeling I had never felt in my life, . . . Prince Charles had such a dignified captivating way,—he really seemed so royal—and I felt rather small and ordinary,—in those days too it took a lot to put me down. . .

He spoke to me for a few minutes but I can not remember a single word. . . I know I knelt down and kissed his hand which was rather brown and thin, and had a dark plain cut large saphire in a ring on his fourth finger. . . .

—" Time to wake up, . . . Miss Joan ". . . said the maid rattling the teacup for Nurse by my bedside,—. . . I never could forgive her afterwards. . .

After this dream I think it deffinitely settled my love for Prince Charles Edward,—and I began to look upon the picture in the bathroom no more as a charming print,—but something almost sacred. . .

. . . .

I put the following incident now because I really can not rememer whether I was six seven or eight ; . . . probably I was six and a half or just seven. . .

One Sunday afternoon Mr and Mrs Edward Guiness brought with them being a relation,—Mr Phillip de Laslo the former great court painter and his wife. . . My mother

had me show him my drawings. . . Laslo either really did like them or he was being polite . . . anyhow he said he could teach me nothing,—of course he ment in imagination. . . . My mother told me he was a great painter,—and had done many pictures :—

—" Are vey old? . . ." I asked—

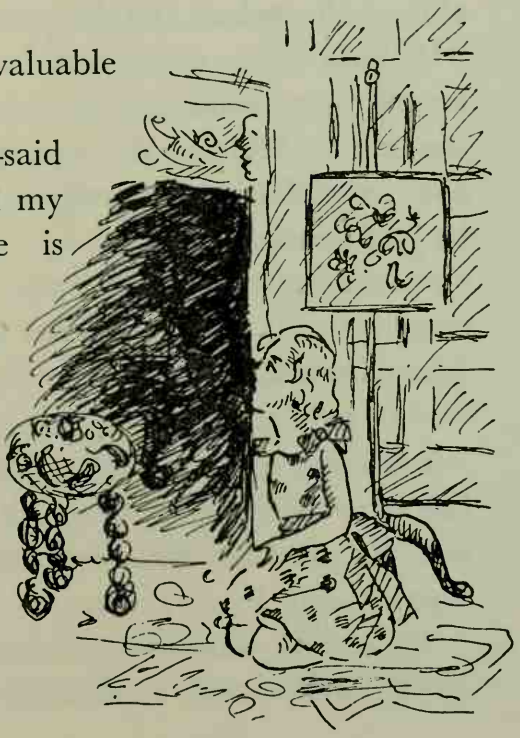
—" No.". . .

—" Then vey can't be valuable then . . ." said I decididly. . .

—" Then you are not valuable then?" put in Laslo. . .

—" No but Mummy is"—said I throwing my arms round my mother's neck;—"and she is derry derry old indeed. . . ."

Laslo had said he was going to steal me,—and I had taken it all for solemn truth, — and, — taking the fright of my life had run softly up the great stairs and taken refuge in the Chappel Drawing room with my kindly ancestors. . .



Two children who are always together,—become like brother and sister puppy dogs,—can always scent each other out, . . . so I heard a movement in the dark,—and looking up saw by the light that streamed in through the half open door, little Anthony approaching me,—and plomping himself down beside me,—gave the short quiet explanation of:—

—" I know,—Joan ". . . .

. . . .After the danger was past and gone,—I crept out of my hiding place and down the green carpeted stairs. . . .

A little while afterwards Laslo invited my mother and myself to an exhibition of his paintings in London,—it was the time of Princess Marina's marriage to Prince George,—and the exhibition was really to show off the recent paintings he had done of them. . .

—Personally I thought any of his other pictures better than them. . . We happened to arrive the moment Princess Marina was leaving the place from a visit,—I remember. . .

. . . .

I was now nine and Nurse had been for a year or two teaching us to read and write etc to the best of her ability,—but now the time had definately come for a governess,—a word I particually hated the sound of. . .

My mother remembered a governess she had had in Paris as a child,—and extroadinaryly enough rememed her

address. . . But Miss D——. as we will call her was thriving in her native Newark as mistress of her own private school. So for a month or two things remained at that. . .

In the mean time,—one Sunday morning the same Mr Edward Guiness brought to Mass at our Chappel,—Prince John of Spain,—who was I think at the time staying with him. . .

We had a new priest that morning,—having no idea who the dark.,—extra young man in the grey flannel suit was,—he unfortunately delivered a long sermon on Henry VIII. divorcing his wives. . . . I thought it rather unsuitable at that moment to critisize kings.

I must say Prince John stood it awfully well,—and sat with his arms folded listening intently. . . At breakfast time too he so nicely offered the hapless priest a cigarette who fumbled about with it before lighting it, . . . what a joy he thought to take it home to show his brother Saleasians. . .

After breakfast though the priest further disgraced himself by getting up in the middle of a very interesting conversation and saying blandly,—without any ceremony whatsoever ;—

—" Excuse me Lady Cope,—I wan't to go to the w.c. . .". . .

Well time wore on and in August I think,—Miss D——. consented to stay for a few weeks,—and so one day when

Anthony & I had just come home from a party,—me feeling very bucked with myself having just won the booby prize of sixpence,—our mother walked into the Nursery Landing followed by the dreaded creature. . .

Of course the outcome of this visit was that Miss D——. consented to give up her house and school to be our governess . . . But with this she had to have all her rights, which consisted in some of her own furniture,—and her own bedroom and sitting room. . .

Nothing happened particually until her appointed time for coming. . . I remember Lord S—— came with his wife one Sunday afternoon,—and she, poor old thing turned summer-salts down the stone steps in leaving, . . . I dare mention that, incidendly, she had red flannel knickers on ! . . .

Chapter. XIII.

Turning the Corner.

Miss D——. arrived for good on the 14th Febuary 1936. a very unsuitable date... About Half an hour after herself came her Victorian furniture.

Miss D——. saw to the unloading,—and carried upstairs under her arms maps,—and lesson-books, galore,—that made us shudder at the very sight of them. . .

Naturally we were heart-broken at parting with Nurse,—we had had her for eight years,—Anthony could not even remember her coming,—so it is not surprising we were devoted to her. . . I had made what I called my " moping corner " it consisted of a nook I had corded off between a chest of draws and the old grand-father clock in the Nursery, . . . inside was a stool a photograph of Nurse and a tiney alter to pray for her at. . . But on the first day of her arival Miss D——. swept it away,—mercilessly. . .

Everything truly was turning a corner for little Anthony

and me ;—a few day after her arival Miss D——. heard a conversation between us,—rather like this :—

—" Anthony,—now I have a pink satin dress on,—with paniers—and a sort of cream coloured skirt on with flowers underneath ; . . . you, know, . . . like the shepherdess on the mantlepiece. . . ."

—" Yes,—I know vat,—but here comes Miriam and all the Girls,—don't vey—"

—" And she's dressed in a long mauve dress,—and her long black ringlets hanging down. . ."

—Miss D——. was greatly amused,—no doubt,—to think she had given up a school of big children to come and teach two such " little babies ". . .—About half an hour later ;—

—" Now,—Anthony I and all ve Girls are dreesed up like the goddesses and I've got a helmet with feathers on,—you know like Minerva,—and here come the Boys,—and Catkins is saying. . . ."

From hence forward Miss D——. strove to do away with our fairy kingdom,—but we proved a match for her,—she could call the nursey the school-room,—put away my pet leopard Floss,—Anthony's teddy-bear Edward,—and all the other toys,—and teach us about Propper nouns, and the map

of Europe,—but although we gradually silenced off I kept up my imagination firmly to myself. . . .

I was begining to quite like her, . . . especially her books,—for I had always wanted to learn,—particually about History,—Literature,—Shakespeares Plays,—Poetry,—and Clasical Mythology. . . . What was more I found out more about my beloved Prince Chales Edward in Miss D——.'s history books.—

. . .The large family places had been falling fast around us,—and Bramshill continued until 1936. to rear its lofty head over the same owners it had enclosed two hundred years and more before. . . My mother had been struggling vallaintly on,—but in this year,—she had to confide sorrowfully to me,—that at last Bramshill would have to pass from the Copes. . .

—" After all,—darling "—she reasoned sadly,—" it is very wonderful to own Bramshill, . . . and it is horrible parting with tradition,—but all said and done with,—it is only a white elephant. . . ." That was being philisophical, but we all knew it did not make matters any better. . . Luckily or stupidly for me I was only ten and I did not see how dreadful all was yet awhile. . . .

Several persons like Lord Camrose,—Lord Beverbrook,—and the Abel Smiths,—came and looked around Bramshill

but one said it had not (what seems to me a very undesireable thing) a " lounge-hall "—and another,—it had not enough bedrooms, and so on. . .

At last came a certain Lord B——. who seemed intent upon our home,—but with him the National Trust, who proposed the most golden schemes, in which the Copes lived on forever at Bramshill. . . About a year after my father's illness my mother had placed him,—like a child under age,—in the hands of the Courts of Ward and Chancery,—and there Lord B——. and the National each proposed their ideas. . . .

. . . .

One moring Miss D——. and Anthony and I were walking on the grass half moons on the north-west side,—I think it was early in December. . . Robinson (who had incidently become the butler by now after having married a former housemaid) stroled dignifidely out of the side door and announced in,. every day occourence,—but sedate tones :—

—" The Prince of Wales is coming. . ."

—Miss D——. took two involuntary steps back,—and I grasped her arm quickly in order to help her keep her balance, as she exclaimed ;——

—" Mercy on us. . . ." And we all hurried upstairs to dress and tweek up. . . The Prince of Wales had lunching

at Sunnigdale a friend of my mothers,—Lady Colefax who was bringing him on afterwards. . .

We all had lunch quickly,—and then my mother and Anthony and I,—walked out of the dining room into the hall to await the royal visit. . .

Of course Miss D——. had to vanish,—but did so to immeadiately take up her watch tower in the oriel window over the front-door. . .

We waited ages and ages ; . . . .

At last the rumbling of cars sounded on the gravel outside, and we walked on to the daius of the Great Hall. . . . Robinson asisted by all our yellow waiscoated footmen drew the crimson velvet portier,—and flung the door open wide. . . The next minute someone tripped over the little doorstep and Prince Edward of Wales regaining his footing,—entered the Hall. . .

He had a great many people accompaning him,—including Mrs Simpson ;—I curtised carefully,—and Anthony bowed stiffly over his hand,—nearly thinking he was a woman,—and kissing it,. for my brother and I always kept the French custom for children. . .

The Prince of Wales was dressed in rather an extroadinary reddish and huge checked suit I think. . . I remember his whole effect was russety reddish,—for whatever his photo-

graphs and portraits may say,—I know his hair was red when he came to Bramshill. . . His whole behaviour and looks resembled I thought,—an agitated schoolboy who expects to be "in for it". . . The Prince's face was nervously wrinkled,—in fact I have never seen in all my life any man suffering quite so much from nerves;—but his simplicity and real charm absolutely fascinated both my mother and myself.

The Prince of Wales walked up with my mother onto the daius,—and declared; . . .

—"There's nothing I like more than seeing old houses, ... I'd get up at six o'clock in the morning if it were to see an old house . . ."

And we all walked on into the Morning Room, . . . it was now time for us to disappear. . . My last sight of the Prince of Wales was him getting his legs tangled up in one of our graceful shield backed Heppelwhite chairs, . . .

Oh what a time Anthony and I had! . . . every body on earth would come that day,—and we had to scuttle them straigt from the front door,—down remote back stone passages into the Dining Room. . . We did our best as to pushing chairs up around the great open fire,—and *trying* to make the visitors "feel at home." . .

I must say the men were awfully good for even if they did

not know each other,—they scatted about in groups,—talking away as men will. . .

In the mean time my mother was showing the Prince of Wales the house . . . she was amazed at his knoledge and apreation of old things,—really the last things most people would expect him of. . . He seemed really upset when my mother told him we were selling Bramshill ; . . .

—" In the olden days "—said he,—" all the old familys lived in houses like this, . . . and so they ought to now. . . I will do my best for you with the National Trust,—as I used to be President. . ."

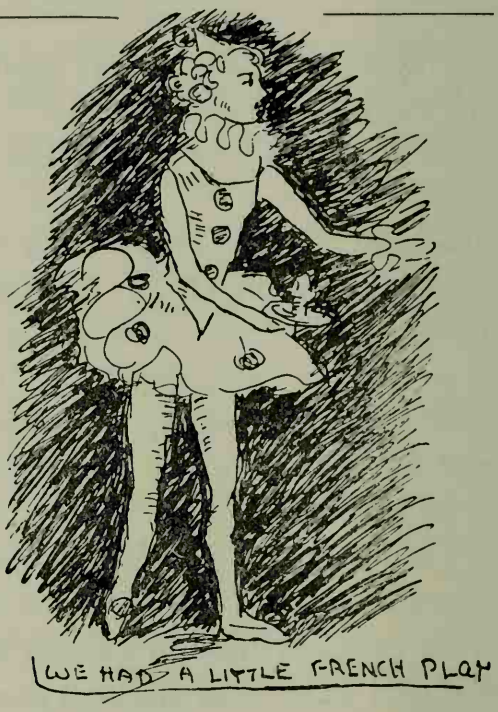
Then the party all came down stairs to tea,—where Prince Edward of Wales,—enjoyed the tomato sandwiches. . .

He certainly tried in vain to keep his promise about the National Trust,—for the next day we read in the newspaper he had had a private meeting or something or other. . . But sadly enough by the Summer the whole thing fell through. . .

That Christmas with Anthony and a few little girls I knew Miss D——. organised a little French play which was quite a success. . .

Miss D——. had written it herself,—it was entitled "Pierrot et Pierette ";—incidently I was Pierette. . .

For a few weeks in Janury my mother went with Arbel to



Austria,—and a young man of Arbel's,—to whom we had given the appelation of " Ja-ja ". . .

They stayed at Insbruck on thier way to a little Tyrolian skying village.—Erwald. . .

On the way back my mother and Arbel visited Vienna too. . . My mother said it was a city of the dead,—and it was so sad how one is shown the Imperial palaces,—now forlorn and desolate,—all the old royal coaches and harness,—and the tomb of Marie-Theresa, lying amongst all her children, except Marie Antoinette sadly missing. . .

The chief outcome of it was that Arbel,—after having dropped " Ja-ja,"—went mad over Austria and Austrians,—after having fallen in love with her Erwald ski-master,—and here, at home it was nothing ealse but " Otto " this and Otto that,—to us. . . .

By the time the Summer came we had definitely decided

on a house we wished to be our future home. . . Firgrove,—to call it by the villaish Victorian name it had recieved,—was about three to four miles from Bramshill,—and was on our estate. . . The house itself dated from the middle part from about 1650,—and the formal Georgian front had been built by Sir Thomas Wadham Windham is 1736. and had all the best lines of that period. . . The grounds and position had always been of great interest too,—as it had been given by Edward the Confessor to the Abbey of Westminster, and therefore had been a little farming Benidictine monastery, . . . from this time dates the lake that the monks had used for Friday fishing,—not only for themselves,. but to supply the other neighbouring monasteries, such as Farnham, and Hartley-Wintney. . . And too,—there are the lovely atmosphere giving cloisters of lime trees around and near the lake,—down the leafy avenues of which the monks used to meditate. . . Another relic is the little " stew-pond " constructed inside with green thin fourteenth century bricks like the inside of the Coluseum. . .

The following is the translation of Edward the Confessor's Saxon grant ; . . . .

> " King Edward greets Archbishop Stigand and Earl Harold and Ednoth, Master of the Horse, and all my thiegns and loyal friends in Hampsire and friendship.
>
> I do you to wit that I will grant that St. Peter, and the brethern

at Westminster have the village of Eversley and everything that thereunto rightly belongs, with Church and mill, with wood and field, with pasture,—land and thicket, with waters and moor, and also with the meadow that lies at Stratfield by the long bridge with everything as fully and directly as it stood most firmly in my own hand.

And moreover I grant to them also that—they have thereto sake * and soke,† toll ‡ and team,§ infangenetheof || and fines for harbouring fugitives, and for errors in pleading, and all other rights—that arise there in any way.

And I will and firmly command that Pathu my housecarle, and Alfric, Hort and Freeborn, Free men under my jurisdiction, who hold that village, keeping their land and their legal status, each with his share under the authority of St. Peter and the Comunity obeying and serving the Minister.

And I will by no means suffer that any man twist or aleniate this my gift and alms that I have given to the holy place for my soul's health, or that any man have any authority over anything except the Abbot and the brethern for the purposes of the Minister, and I will and thoroughly enjoin that this protection remain firm and stable to the holy place for evermore. Amen.

By all this interesting history one would think Eversley Manor,—to give it the correct old name we altered Firgrove back to,—was a most attractive and lovely house. . . But

* Sake, = the right of a lord of a manor to hold a court in case of treaspass among his tenants.

† Soke, = the right of holding a court.

‡ Toll = the right of holding a market.

§ Team = the right of a lord of manor to the issue of his bondmen and villians.

|| The right of judging a thief caught in the manor.

BRAMSHILL.— South West view of Terrace &c
From a photograph taken by
myself.

when we first thought about it,—it had long been turned into a Victorian horror of the shabbiest and worse. . . The early Jacobien part had been stuccoed over,—it was placarded with tumbling down green-house monstrosities,—over grown with ivy and any thing ealse,—and the whole grounds choaked and blackend up with stinky laurels,—so much so that one could only reach the shabby front door by scratching one's motor-car hopelessly. . .

The interior,—was, if possible worse than the exterior,—

we had always let it to quite charming people who had conservative tastes, and left things as they were, so it is not surprising that walls were covered with lincrustered linoleum,—the ceilings (where they were not networked over with pipes) were hung with shoddy paper,—and silly little partitions and shelves had been stuck up all over the place. . . In short it would take about two chapters to describe it all. . .

None of this now sounds very inviting about Eversley Manor,—but my mother was clever enough to see that underneath this cloak of dank and dreary horrors the early Jacobien and Queen Anne house of a page or two back, still existed,—and saw in her clever little mind that it could be made by a great majority the most charming smaller period house in Hampshire. . .

But as usual something had to take the poor little thing's tiney bit of consolation away, . . . the Courts of Ward in Chancery stepped in and denounced Eversley Manor as much too large,—and needing so much doing in it,—they also kindly proposed the happy idea of,—" What about a nice villa in Brighton ?". . .

Still my mother kept up her strong will for she had set her heart on Eversley Manor,—really I do not know why the Courts did not see !— . . . It was so wonderful Sir Richard Cope having married in the Georgian days Anne

Windham and so getting the house,—and here it was just waiting for it had been empty of a tenant for about a year now. . . .

Well one day when my mother returned from a walk in the rain with Arbel from a visit to " her rabbit hutch,"—as she called Eversley Manor,—she found awaiting her at Bramshill the Duke of Portland,—who invited her to stay at Welbeck. . . .

We just missed this,—as we came home from a little stay at Aldwick, near Bognor,—in Miss D——.'s brother's cottage there, (she used to get him to lend it) about half an hour later. . . .

My mother did go up to Welbeck,—there she was shown the black gloves Charles. I. he went to the scaffold in,—also the chalice he recived last Holy Comunion from,—also the single golden ear ring he wore, and other such relics, . . . I believe that they auctually make one put the gloves on,—which must be very unpleasant. . . .

Chapter. XIIII.

Our Ancestor's Farewell.

One Time in about July we had to stay for a few days,—a long week end I think it was,— my mother's we had to stay a friend of ~~Her's~~ the celebrated beauty and London Hostess,—Mrs W—— H——.

She brought with her quite a well known Austrian artist,—he must be well known in the modern way for he has pictures in many German Museums,—and one in the Tate Gallery London,—we named him " Goulash ". . .

I remember one of the days we all went out in the boat on the lake, . . . " Goulash " had to do the rowing. . .

—" Oh the peace is wonderful ! " sighed Mrs W——. H——. leaning back with her arms behind her head onto the boat cushion, . . .

—" It reminds me of the greeting the faries gave me when I arrived; . . . such a greeting, you know. . ." She glanced sideways to us with her bright blue eyes,—that matched her

ring. . . . Then sat up suddenly,—and looked at the poor sweating " Goulash " ; . . .

—" Take off your coat,—Hubert. . . ."

—" But Veevien—. . ."

—" Do as I tell you Hubert." . . . said Mrs W——. H——. imperatively, . . . " Goulash " obeyed docilely. . .

—" Take off your waistcoat,—Hubert.". . .

—" Ooh, . . . but bracees are not pretty. . ."

—" *Take* off your waistcoat,—this minute. . ." so " Goulash " complied. . .

—" Take off your braces Hubert.". . . we wondered what was coming next. . .

—" Ooor, . . . but Vee-vien. . . ."

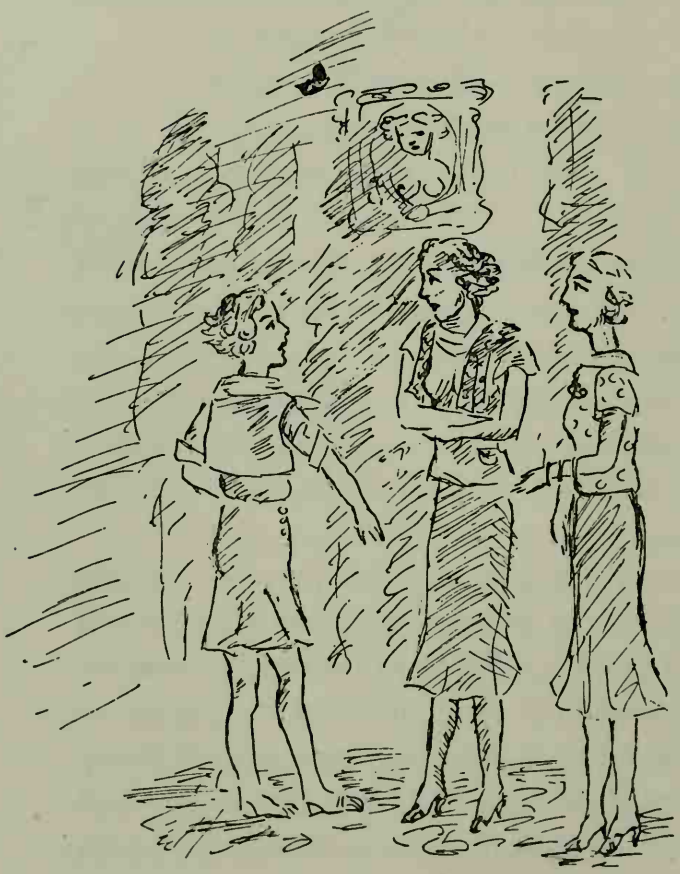
—" Do as I tell you,—Hubert. . . .—There, now we are quite all right. . ." sighed Mrs W——. H——. again after eyeing " Goulash " critically,—and lay down in the cushions once more. . .

We all got out onto the island;—here it was heavenly rustling around in the deep leaves, under the cool scented foliage, hidden from the hot glaring mid-summer sun outside,—it had the impression of some mystic domed fane. . . And then there was the tree to find, in whose smooth mossy bark,—all the various Cope lovers and any others who had penetrated here,—had cut their names,—some encircled with

large and tiney moss-grown hearts,—I think there were one or two royal ones. . . .

. . . .

One of these days whilest Mrs W——. H——. was staying,—my mother went somewhere to lunch to meet the King of Siam,—I remember my mother told me when she came back that the whole time he could do nothing but talk about lobster à l'Americain,. . . of course,—you know it was not American at all,—the dish had been stolen from Siam . . . . and so he went on. . . .



That afternoon

Mrs W——. H——. had to visit her at Bramshill a certain American and his wife,—friends of hers. . .

The minute I saw that girl on the terrace where we were having tea,—I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life,—she herself said it was some spiritual greeting between us, . . . and explained it that she felt I saw her soul. . .

—It must have been something of the sort because everybody ealse has said there was nothing tremendously striking about her, . . . she was a tiney little thing,—with a small neat American figure and dark copperish brown curls,—she only looked about twenty-two at the most and I was more wonderstruck on learning she was the mother of two little boys,—one as old as ten. . . .

—" Is'nt she lovely Mummy? . . ." I whispered . . . "—just like the Sistine Madonna. . . ."

Well the time came for me to show the Americans around the house,—I believe they had just come to England for the first time,—and Mrs W——. H——. came to. . .

I had got to the Chappel Drawing Room,—of which I was telling the history and pointing things out. . . .

—" That's Mr Tippings by Van Dyck,—over the fireplace, . . . and that picture there, . . . that's Nell Gwyn;

. . . Oh ! but I can hardly see her ! . .” and I turned to the American girl—

—“ And,—and,—someone's standing in front of you—” and then I stood with my hands which were becoming cold and clammy,—stiff in front of me—“ Can't you see !—can't you see ! . .” and madly and quickly from the round headed,—and peruked shaddow before me my mind went to the portrait in the hall of a round-headed, man with dark curls in armour accross which was tied a red silk sash. . . .

—“ It's Sir John Cope,—the fith Baronet, ... oh !—but he's not alone there's hundreds and hundreds of others,—and the air's stiffleing—just like in a crowd;— . . . and they seem all to flock round you,—you. . .” I cried again to the American girl. . . ,

—“ I know—” she was standing calmly with her arms folded—“ they always do, . . . you know,—now I can feel them,—but I can't see them like you. . .”

—“ Like I often feel them in here,—over here now there is always a buzzing in your ears,—and there are patches of hot air in parts,—too. . .”

—“ And look at me, . . .” put in Mrs W——. H——., . . . “ I'm positivly a phisical proof, ... I mean look at my arms,—they're all goose flesh; . . . its a phisical proof. . . .”

—“ But you know,” I went on—“ They are not standing

on the floor where we are,—they're about this high. . ." I put my hand about two feet from the floor,—somone told us afterwards that this means the floor level has been changed, —and that happened to carry out a theory my mother had always had about the Chappel Drawing Room. . .

We proceeded down the Green front stairs,—and all the way,—a little group of elusive shaddows, seemed to follow the American girl,—right into the Hall even. . . .

I ran to my mother and hurridly, telling her our adventure, —took her upstairs too, by myself. . .

I had taken her hand. . .

—" Oh ! you poor little sweet ! "—she cried,—" you are all cold and clammy "—and my mother put her own jacket around my shoulders,—and strange enough although my body felt hot for it was a very warm evening I shivvered from time to time. . . . When we got to the Chappel Drawing Room,—yes there " they " still were. . .

—" But can't you see Sir John ? " I cried astonished— " and all the others ? ". . . My mother like nearly all psychic people was only so at times,—and though she felt the strange presence strongly she could see nothing. . .

Next then I went to find Anthony,—and grabing him by the hand,—saying in a loud hardly legiable whisper:—

—" Anthony, . . . come along,—come quick,—and see Sir John, . . . and the rest. . . ."

—" Where? . . . Sir John,—who? . . . what? . . ." but by now I was pulling the confused boy into the Chappel Drawing Room. . . I explained or tried to explain to Anthony what I had brought him up for, in a few words; . . .

—" Look, . . . there . . . now here, . . . *can't* you see. . ." I felt something strange, urging,—forcing me onto my knees, . . . I had to kneel somehow;—

—" Anthony,—Anthony, . . . kneel down, . . . kneel to . . ." and I turned to see the child scarlet and then green with terror,—I was surprised greatly,—I never now had felt the slightest bit of fear,—I have always stuck to it they were kind, loving ghosts,—after all they were our own ancestors, . . . I felt it. . .

I grasped Anthony's arm again rigidly firm for I saw he was trying his best to turn tale and sneak away, . . . He wriggled uncomfortably from one foot to another,—and cried imploring in a trembling little voice;—

—" Oh!—Joan, . . . oh Joan,—you know I can't see this kind of thing . . . like you; . . . p—*ple-eese* let me go . . . oh Joan. . . !" And he turned to make a hasty escape,—but I held him fast. . .

—" You know Joan, . . . I'm not at all frightened, . . .

it's just, . . . just,—I was afraid you were going mad. . ." Blurted out Anthony trying in vain to excuse his panic, . . . in disgust I let him go,—and he was not two seconds in making good his disappearance . . . I can tell you. . .

I turned around again and falling upon my knees,—watched keenly the indistinct shaddows and flicks of light,—before and around me. . .

Outside the strenghless evening sun was rolling downwards in the heavens, now turned from brilliant silver blue to a soft lilac, melting into a glowing rosy pink,—which all reflected on Bramshill's mellow walls, and warming the yellow sandstone Rennaisance carving. . .

The very window under whose light I was kneeling was with the rest,—flashing firey opal coloured lights,—that made Bramshill look from Hazely Heath,—perched high as it did among rounded silvery green clumps of trees,—more of a mystic fairy palace than ever. . .

. . . .

Some hours afterwards when I was sleeping in the little Regency bed,—my mother, Mrs W——. H——. and the American and his wife,—who had stayed to dinner,—decided to go up once more into the Chappel Drawing Room. . .

The American girl took a pencil and fairly large piece of paper (it happened to be the back of a drawing of mine,) and they all went up in the dark;—

—"Now," said the American girl,—"we must all think of the most beautiful thing in the world, . . . think of love. . ." And so they all waited;—. . . when the light was turned on,—the piece of paper had written on it a prayer. . . The girl could not possibly have done it in the dark,—and so neatly and straight,—with a beautiful careful margin. . . My mother took it downstairs,—and strange enough,—although not really strange considdering what it was,—the words on the paper began to fade,—and my mother had to quickly write over the pale words,—but unfortunately some were already illegable. . . Anyhow it went as follows; . . . .

> "O Lord our Heavenly Father, . whose divine plan we all must revere and understand,—take us all this night into thy hand and help us to understand our destiny. Called as we are from all corners of thy kingdom,—help us to use and conform to the standards we have this day seen manifest. to all members of this house hold give thy divine blessing that they all truely walk in thy way and progress to thy will. . . . to their several talents. To us who have witnessed the glory of symintry and the poetry of true design—give us light that we may bring these qualities to our lives, and so enrich the lives of others;—O thou the greatest architect of all keep us in humbleness and humility that we may vibrate to thy all . . . . grace."
>
> Amen."

I remember when I told Miss D——. the next morning

I think she was frightened and really it was small wonder ;—

She exclaimed,—" Oh,—how wicked ! . . . I think it is very wrong to practise such things ".

She as a matter of fact had been having a very good time,—and a little plot in the huge old walled in kitchen garden,—she had taken French leave of,—afforded her the time of her life,—for there Miss D——. could scatter her nastursium and candy-tuft to her heart's content,—and strange enough although she appeared nearly always to be there nothing much as far as I can remember ever came up. . .

Little three year old Joan Gibbs the gardener's child would come out and watch and shock Miss D——. with her remarks in broard Hampshire. . .

One day she was following the governess around the orchard:—

—" Dear,—dear—" sighed Miss D——. " What a pity,—there's all those beautiful pears rotting on that tree,—and nobody to pick them! . . ."

—" Sumbody ought to get a la-adder and cloimb the bloomin' thing "—remarked Joan decididly. . .

To return to our ancestors in the Chappel Drawing Room they were distinctly trying to give us their sad farewell;—one afternoon my mother and I were showing my grandmother

the different parts of the room where the incidents happened, and making her,—much against her will, sit in the places where one's ear's buzzed,—or walking her though the strange patches of hot air. . .

Suddenly I stood still and ceased talking and teasing,—I believe I turned green,—my mouth which was dry and hot stayed slightly open, and I gazed in front of me; . . .

—" What is it? . . . Joan,—what is it? "—cried my grandmother terrified,—perhaps she thought like Anthony had done, that I was loosing my senses. . . After about a minute I answered quietly to my grandmother's hasty and excited questions;—

—" Oh,—nothing,—I just thought I saw the shaddow of a woman, . . . like Anne Booth*. . . . pass,—in front of that window. . ."

—My grandmother half shrieked,—and ran stright out of the room down to Miss D——. on whom she showered,—unconnected sentences of ;—

—" Oh its awful,—Joan's . . . seeing spooks up there, . . . seeing spooks,—oh it is so bad for the child. . ."

Meanwhile,—upstairs,—my head began to spin the minute afterwards,—and my mother had to half carry me nearly fainting onto her bed next door. . .

* See page 6.

Anthony came up a minute or so afterwards,—no doubt heartily glad not to have been included in this adventure,—and keept remarking in half awe-struck,—half-trembling tones;—

—" Oh Joan !—you look awful,—all green,—and . . . mauve . . . in parts. . ."

Actually I had distinctly seen the side view of the whitish form of a woman in the clothes and appearance of about 1702. with low Queen Anne curls piled slightly on her head. . .

She appeared to hold up her skirt in front, and holding herself very straight,—glided with great dignity to the left. . .

Another time a friend of my mothers,—Lady F——. D——. came with her niece to lunch and see the house. When she came into the Chappel Drawing Room suddenly she said a child caught hold of her hand,—some invisable hand or other I suppose,—anyhow Lady F——. D——. was so upset,—for she said the owner of the hand was so sad,—that she burst into tears herself, and my mother and the niece had to leave Lady F.——. D——. behind crying. . . Certainly a very strange tale. . .

Anthony and even sometimes me now were beginning to get quite rediculously creepy when for instance we used to look in the Hall window on the terrace we hardly dare, for fear of seeing the tiney little old man with the long long

beard,—which our great-grandfather Sir William used to when looking in. . . As a matter of fact though the Chappel Drawing Room ghosts never actually gave me the least bit of fright in the world, . . . they were so kind and nice,—and the first bit of sorrow I felt from the idea of leaving Bramshill came from the thought of forsaking them. . .

By now I really was beginning to feel what a horrible thing it was,—and to never see Bramshill again, . . . not that I would wish to,—in another ursurping family's ownership. . .

One evening I was lying on my pillow in bed quite lazily watching the sky which seemed to turn to a wonderful blue sea so calm,—out of which pranced sea monsters and white and purple centaurs,—and rosy and ivory limbed mermaids and dryads flolicked in the fleecy foam or floated gracefully over the small crested waves. . . I do not know what it was about that sky,—but it had some magic effect which seemed to start my waking up to real life, . . . the few beautiful joys and the many sorrows. . .

Then I moved my eyes down a little and saw the failing sunlight glowing steadily on the dark, blue, silver and the light golden green of the trees whose familiar shapes I had learned to know and love as old friends. . .

That brought back with a sudden pang to me, leaving Bramshill. . . I was a selfish child,—and it never occured to me somehow all the hell my mother had been and was

THE END OF OUR PLAY:— The Maypole in the Long Gallery.

going through,—and I pitied my own loss of my home in an egotistical way. . .

That summer Miss D——. had something to keep her busy,—for she got up with Anthony and me and a few more children than before,—a Shakespeare play. . . It was " As You Like It,"—of course a good bit cut down,—and Anthony for instance took five parts ! . . . It was great fun for me too,—writing and illustrating the programmes,—and half designing the costumes,—which I was very strict about keeping to period. . .

We had it in the Long Gallery,—which provided an ideal setting for the brilliant Elizabeathern costumes;— . . . my mother had only invited a few friends and the parents of the childen,—and to bring who they liked,—but we got over a hundered people. . . The deaf old people enjoyed themselves particually, as the ecoustics of the Gallery were marvelous. . . Mrs W——. H——. came with " Goulash " who gesticulated more violently than ever exclaiming in raptures;—

—" Ooor, . . . de coloreeng, . . . de coulore-eeng. . . ."

In fact it was a great success. . .

Chapter. XIV.

Bramshill.—Adieu.

Towards the end of the summer or the beginning of autumn we had our last royal visit to Bramshill. . . It had had some very strange ones,— such as the time when I was a baby when Prince Charles of Belguim came to stay. . . He had,—in performing feats of strengh and turning summersalts on the Hall daius to prove how strong he was (his father being of of the strongist private individuals in the world),—not only burst his buttons,—but caught a chill with getting so hot and was left on my poor father and mothers hands,—desparately ill. . . In fact they thought they would never get rid of the prince,—and his mother and father the King and Queen of the Belgians were nearly sent for. . . In the end his aide de camp had to take him off in an ambulence. . . .

Another time not without humer,—years before,—the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) and Princess Mary (Princess Royal) were brought to Bramshill as children. . . .

My father had walked into the Green Court where the royal children had been left,— in time to see Prince Edward of Wales in the act of hitting his sister over the head with a croquet mallet. . . When it was time to go the couple were missing,—and after being looked for everywhere,— the two were discovered upstairs in the bathroom smelling the soap. . .

The Prince and Princess had left behind them in the Bramshill "royalty book" two large childish scrawls. . . We had crowded round the signature of the same Prince of Wales,— year's later . . . . one would never to compare it,—have believed the neat little autograph to have been by the same person. . . That Prince of Wales had been proclaimed king,— . . . had abdicated, ... Our buttler at that time,—had stood up in the pantry,—and banging his fist on the table amid timid,—confused murmers of dissaproval,—

had loudly given his views on the affairs of the Country. . . . Nearly everybody was doing that then. . . .

To return to our Royal visit now in August,—it was that of the Duke of Connaught. . . . He brought with him his daughter,—Lady Patricia Ramsay,—and her son,—Sandy Ramsay,—and a few other people I think. . . . Nothing peculiar happened this time,—except if we could count it as such,—my mother gave him all our early Rifle Brigade bayonets etc.* for the Rifle Brigade Museum and in consequence the dignified old Duke went off with his car bristling with arms. . . My mother said it looked as though he were provided against the Reds! . . .

Time moved nearer and nearer our moving time. . . It was now definite that we were having Eversley Manor,—and in the October of 1936. workmen were put on it to start what seemed to me an endless task. . . . In September Anthony had gone for his first term to school . . . Ampleforth, the Catholic Colledge in Yorkshire had been decided upon,—and so now my brother was going to its preparitory—Gilling Castle. . . . Poor little Anthony in the infathomable depths of that little reserved heart I have never learnt the bottom of,—really felt leaving the home of his ancestors deeply,—I think;—

* Some were actually the very first.

—" I shall have one very long look as the car drives away,—for I fink it will be the last time. . . ." he had said on going to school. . . . That is all I ever learnt of my brother's feelings on the subject. . .

I remember one October evening I think it was,—after tea I managed to slip away from the buzz of Miss D——. and her sewing-machine. . . Placeing my coat over my shoulders as I passed through my bedroom,—I got out of the side door. . . . The sun had set about twenty minutes ago, —the sky now in most parts was a dark purpleish grey, like the wings of a ring-dove,—but as I ran around the north west side to the front I saw the sky still glowing coldly, wonderful saffrons and rose beneath long fingers of dark velvet. . . . But what I shall always remember, is as I quietly sped right round and turned facing the house what a strange and beautiful impression it left upon me. . . .

There before me stood Bramshill, . . . so much more a dream palace than anything of this earth,—built so lightly with a tinge of pink playing about its shaddowy walls,—the windows—flashing,—beautiful,—great opals and all surmounted by the flimsy lace of the parapit,—and the dainty scolloped chimneys fading away into indistinctness. . . . The strange fairy-like peace broken only by the small crunch of my feet on the gravel,—kept up that awe inspireing feel-

ing, . . . I felt I was an intruder in some mystical fairy realm,—unknown & almost forbidden to mortals. . . .

I shall never regret having thus seen Bramshill in my opinion, to its best and most perfect possibilities. . . .

I was old enough now to appreciate the scene I have related,—I loved and would do anything to see something really beautiful or artistic. . . . When I had collected a bit of money I always used it to take myself accompanied by my governess to one of the London art gallerys for the day. . . .

I was in my most perfect element searching for my favourites in the National Gallery, . . . Tintoretto's " Origin of the Milky Way "—Corregio's " Venus, Murcury and Cupid "—" The Virgin of the Rocks "—Ruben's " Judgement of Paris,"—Veronese's " Scorn "—and other pets of mine all had to be stood in front of and studied with a wondeful thrilling feeling surging and dying over and over again in my throat. . . . My governess after three hours wandering up and down the galleries, got tired and it always had to end up by us sitting in front of some stiff,—touched up little primative that she thought " perfect " and " marvellous" . . . and I didn't.

I really have always much preferred the Wallace Collection. . . . There,—there are no finiky primatives,—naïvely posed St. Sabestians,—or unpleasant headless Holiferneses. . . .

I am much more,—somehow in my element gazing at delightful pink and blue Bouchers,—sunny,—brilliant Canalettos,—and pleasing Natiers from between gilded French chairs,—Aubusen tapisteries,—and Sèvres vases. . . . The Wallace Collection is always a collection of *my* favourites. . . . My pet painters are I think chiefly,—Botticelli,—Tintoretto,—and Boucher,—and next to Botticelli,—to my mind Boucher is my great favourite. He never seems to be thought much of in books,—and often is almost critized,—but still to my mind, not only are his pictures beautifully drawn,—but he had a brilliant imagination,—a wonderful sense of colour,—and a really pleasing idea of decorative beauty. . . . All I can conclude is that his naked Venuses are too much for the English prudishness. . . Anyhow my chief attraction to the Wallace Collection is the abundance of Boucher's paintings. . . . The two gloirious masterpieces of his on the stairs "The Rising of the Sun" and "The Setting of the Sun" are I think worth a visit in themselves. . . . And then on the landing in front of the window is that exquisite white marble Eros,—for which no words can describe what I think for it. . . .

My mother has always done everything possible in helping my love of art and beauty,—old things,—and houses. . . . She took me to Wilton;—it is such a pity the Victorians were

so free with it and built in that abomination of a Gothic cloister,—and the horrible undignified little staircase. . . . Nothing I must say impressed me greatly about Wilton,—except the famous Vandyck room. . . . The proportions are *so* wonderful,—and the exquisite Vandyck portraits must be some of the finest in the world,—these,—together with the most lovely of portraits of Prince Rupert by Honthorst are certainly worth a visit,—however disappointing the rest of Wilton may be. . . .

Certainly Knole made much more of an impression on me. I do not think so much of the rooms for I think them undignifiedly small,—that is as a whole,—for the King's Bedroom is undoubtedly very fine,—as well as others. But it is not the interior,—it was the dignified courtyards,—that made a life-lasting impression on me. . . . I do not know what it was but there was something so sad,—but so sad about them,— . . . even now I almost feel like crying when I think of them. . . .

I have also seen quite a lot of smaller houses of interest such as Ham House,—the Vine,—and West Wickham Park the home of the Dashwoods. . .

Oh that is really so beautiful . . . I dare say it is bad taste on my part, but West Wickham really appeals to me so much more than Wilton, —Ham,—the Vine,—or even Knole. . . . I adore the Italian Paladian type,—and West Wickham is in

exactly its correct surroundings with the wooded hills,—amongst which is perched columned temples,—and the long glassy piece of water. . . .

Everything has been so beautifully carried out,—with the frescoed logia,—the row of columns above and the yellow plaster pealing off revealing mossy blue wall,—just like a lovely Panini picture. . . . West Wickham has a strange little touch of sadness about it too,—perhaps coming from the correct state of overgrowth and delapadation I love so much. . . . The more I think about it the luckier I think myself,—and having such a darling mother who understands what I like so well,—and always does her best to take me to see beautiful old houses,—pictures,—furniture,—etc. . . . .

. . . .

About this time I think it was Lord B——. who had now bought Bramshill sent a painter to make a water colour of his new purchase. . . . He sat down and commenced to draw the outline of rather a stupendous task. . . . Needless to say as he was at lunch, little Joan Gibbs found his pencil and scribbled deep,—black scrawles all over it. . . .

The wretched artist had to start his long task all over again. . . .

The outcome of it all was,—my mother felt sorry for the poor devil she saw out of her window every day toiling away

in the freezing blasts of the late Autumn wind,—and asked him into lunch. . . .

My mother showed him some of my drawings,—there upon the painter said he would give me a framed one of his own pictures of anything I liked,—in exchange for one of mine,—(incidently he got two.)

We thought it over and decided the picture was to be a portrait of myself. . . Accordingly the next following evenings,—I sat in Miss D——.'s sitting room in thrilled expectation while my portrait was slowly progressing in a soft thick shading pencil. . . .

If I am ever great as is fully my ambition to be,—I should like it to be known to posterity that this drawing bears no particular likeness to me at all. . . . I will say the hair is exactly how mine looked then,— . . . the rat's tails and all! . . . However I was too excited and pleased with it for words then,— . . . and that was all that mattered. . .

I had had a full length silhouette done of me once at a garden party,—with really much more resemblance, . . . specially in the tummy. . . .

Just now the many different things in the moving took my mind entirely off the horrible realities of the whole thing. . . . I only hope they helped to,—too with my mother. . . . To begin with we had made up our minds to clean every one of our paintings we were taking with us,—and that was nearly

all,—it was surprising how we got the bulk of all our Bramshill furniture and pictures into Eversley Manor . . . nothing looked in the slightest,—crowded either,—and more amazing still nothing was too big or looked out of place in the smaller Georgian house. . . . To return to our pictures,—it afforded us great fun as well as a wonderful experiance,—and the paintings turned out too wonderfully. . . . I will not say what we used, . . . that would be giving secrets away ! . . . Anyhow I know when we had finished,—we had cleaned over a hundered between my mother,—me and Anthony must not be forgotten. . . .

Another tremendous item,—all the books we wished to place in our new library had to be chosen one by one like every thing ealse,—from the Great Library. . . . My mother and I spent days together chosing the most decorative binding,—the oldest books in themselves,—& many other things to be considered. . . The worst part though,—nobody who has not experianced it can imagine how cold a really old house can be in the beginning of December, . . . No heat of any sort I think ever penetrated the State Rooms,—they were therefore ten times colder than out of doors. . . .

Anthony did see his home again, for when he returned from school we were in the midst of moving. . .

It was strange to see Bramshill without carpets,—pictures,

—and almost bare of furniture. . . Some of the large panelled rooms though seemed to furnish themselves. . . . It was during these days that a very unpleasant thing happened to my mother,—leaving her a horrible impression. . . . Late in the evening she went into the Outter Library, now entirely bare. . . .

The windows and doors were closely shut and there was no possible outlet,—and yet she came face to face with a huge,—hidious young owl. . . My poor mother was terrified,—there was no where for the bird to perch and seeing it blundering and sliding about she was afraid it would allight on her. . . My mother rang the bell to have the creature removed. . . . The butler turned to her; . . .

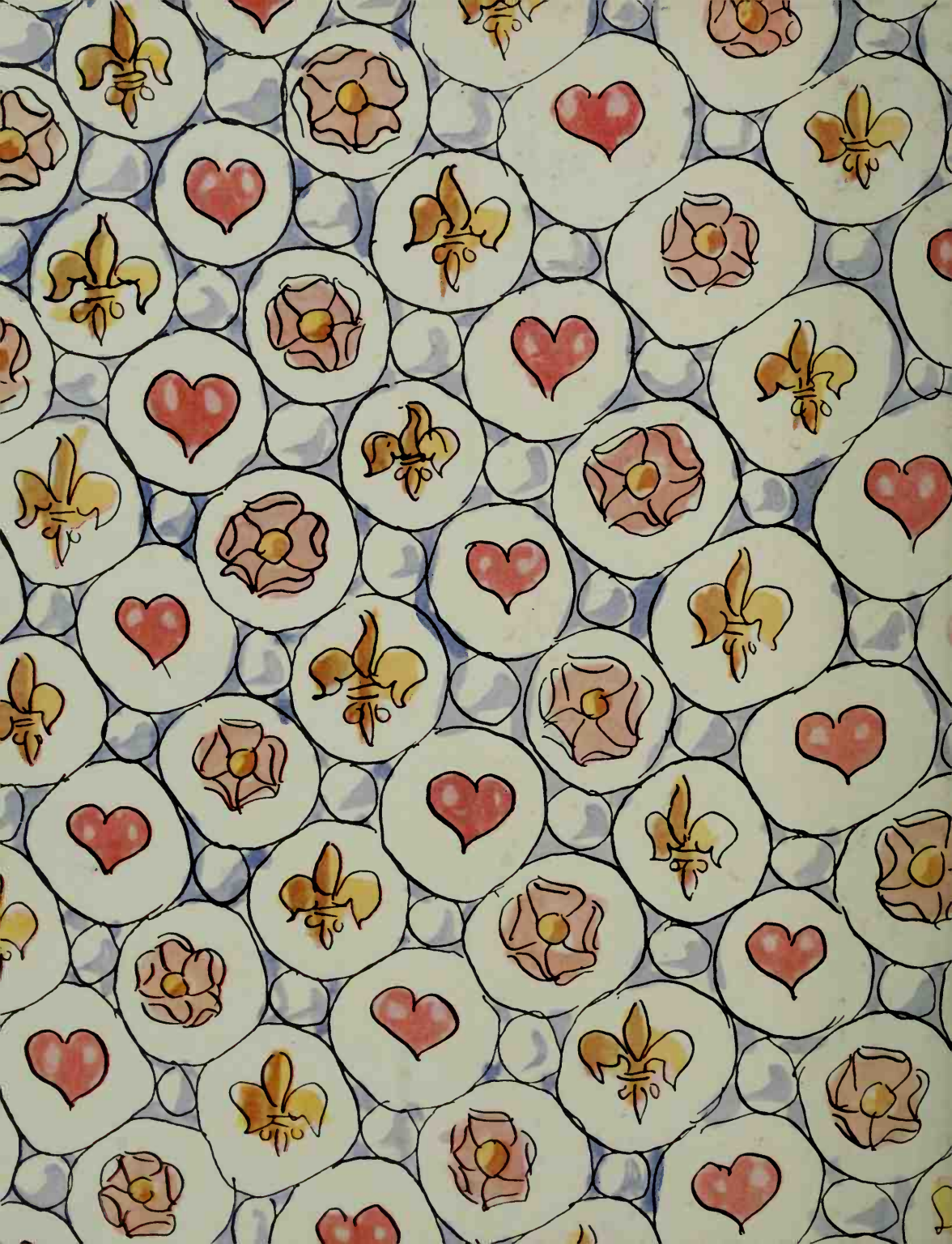
—" Your Ladyship " said he " I have never seen claws like that on any animal in my life. . . ."

It seemed a horrible omen,—however nothing happened. . . My father and I have a horror for owls,—I regard them as something hidious and uncanny. . . .

The last day dawned, . . . it was the 21.st of December. . . . I was desparately miserable. . . . Miss D——. was busy with her packing,—and my mother,— poor little thing was philisophically doing her cross word puzzle. . . I ran out of doors to visit my favourite haunts in the wilderness,—and wandered back into the house. . . . I ran upstairs to the Chappel Drawing Room. . . .

There were the shaddows flicking dimly still, . . . that made me cry,—and I had to whisper a last little farewell,—to my beloved ancestors. . . Like in a dream I pattered quietly towards the Gallery. . . I stood a forlorn little thing in the doorway. . . It was much the same,—serene and silver grey,—the quiet lofty not caring look,—almost hurt me, . . . still I sobbed and cried as I left it. . .

I ran down stairs and outside again,— . . this time I mounted the front broard stone steps,—and sat down in the archway under the mouldering Rennaisance carving,—crying as though my heart would break. . . I thought it was going too, . . . and I crouched against the cold stone,—waiting to die. . . Then I should never have to leave Bramshill. . . I waited, . . . still I did not die,—and still I sat on the steps. . . Let us now pretend I never did leave my home,—and leave me there,—more than a year and six months ago,—caressing the ancient cold stone of the walls that enclosed my ancestors for nearly two hundered & fifty years. . . . And now I float,—ever onwards into the blue grey mist of the dim unknown. . . .



I was twelve on the 1st. of January,- and on the 21st. of that month started writing my «Memoirs» in my play time...- so as to enable me to retain a vivid picture of my «young days»- spent in the glorious surroundings of Bramshill — our beautiful Hampshire home....

They were never intended for publication,- or they would have been more discreet...- With apologies:—

Joan Penelope Pope-

Constable & Company, Ltd.